The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. LV NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1928 NUMBER 706

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The Week

ON the eve of the conventions, the political situation is the reverse of that which existed three months ago. Then the Democrats were divided and uncertain, while the Republican course seemed clear. Today the Democrats have virtually but one candidate, Smith, and whatever the formal text of the platform, he will make his own campaign in his own way. Hoover's nomination, on the other hand, which for months seemed to be assured, again appears to be somewhat doubtful. This is due to the farm revolt, the hesitancy of Mr. Mellon to commit himself to his fellow Cabinet member, and above all, to Mr. Coolidge's failure to put himself out of the race, once and for all. Smith last week had about 600 delegates; he needs 734 to be nominated, under the Democrats' two-thirds rule. But something like 100 other votes will go to him soon after the first ballot, and his selection at an early stage of the proceedings seems to be certain. Hoover needs 545 to be nominated, and his managers claim 515 on the first ballot. Of these, 175 are disputed by his opponents, and his actual strength appears to be about 400. Since he will not be nominated on the first ballot, the crisis for him will come at about the third or fourth. If he has not won by then, his chances will diminish.

MR. MELLON, who controls most of Pennsylvania's 79 votes, and has great influence over the New York and other eastern delegations, holds the key to the situation. He could probably insure Mr. Hoover's nomination on the first ballot, if he wanted to; but it is perfectly apparent, despite the faint-hearted endorsement he gave that gentleman at the recent meeting of the Pennsylvania delegates, that he doesn't want to. He still hopes that Mr. Coolidge can be persuaded to run again, and, failing that, Mr. Hughes. The latter (to take these two possibilities in reverse order) must still be counted among the potentialities. He has never given any reason for his refusal to become a candidate other than the fact that he is "too old." Mr. Hughes is sixty-six; he is two years younger than Senator Curtis, who regards himself as entirely eligible, a year younger than Governor Lowden and the same age as Senator Norris. He shows no signs of advancing years; those who watched him at Havana in January testify that he did his work every bit as well then as he did at the Washington Conference seven years ago. His two refusals to indicate an interest in the nomination are far from meaning, in the language of politics, that he might not hearken to an overwhelming demand for his selection.

WHAT of the President himself? Our Washington correspondent believes that before the balloting has begun, he will issue another and positive statement putting an end to the movement to draft him. Mr. Charles Michelson, Washington correspondent of the New York World, suggests on the other hand that the decision to have the presidential special train depart for Wisconsin just at the moment when the convention will probably begin to select a candidate is actually a deep, dark plot—on the part of somebody—to insure his renomination. Mr. Michelson points out that he is expected to be on the train for about twenty-four hours of the most crucial period. Presidential trains run on an unan-

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nounced schedule, and make few stops. During nearly the whole of those twenty-four hours, it will be impossible to reach the President by telephone and very difficult to do so by telegraph. He may wake up the morning of the sixteenth, Mr. Michelson thinks, to hear the "surprising" news that the convention has taken the bit in its teeth and selected him.

AS between these two views, it may be said that if the President does not issue another statement before the convention begins to ballot, it will be reasonable to suppose that he has decided to run again. No one knows better than he that an effort will be made to renominate him, and that his silence will give it the greatest possible aid. He must know also that he could have insured Hoover's selection on the first ballot, any time these past three months, by uttering ten words putting himself decisively out of the race. If he has decided to try it again, in the face of the anti-third-term tradition, his personal reasons for wishing not to occupy the White House another four years, and his repeated statements that he "does not choose," these are no doubt the main reasons:

1. The belief that no one else can overcome the revolt of the farm states. This revolt is no doubt much over-advertised; yet it is sufficiently serious to keep the politicians worried, particularly in view of Smith's strength in such states as Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York and New Jersey.

2. The opinion that, regardless of the farm revolt, he alone can defeat Smith. This has been the chief argument of the drafters, and he would be less than human if he could hear it dinned into his ears so many times and not begin to believe it.

3. The fear that if he declines to be nominated, the choice may fall on Lowden or Dawes. He is strongly opposed to both of them, personally and because they favor the provision for an equalization fee in the McNary-Haugen Bill.

4. The almost irresistible attraction of the great office he holds, an appeal so strong that no man can leave it without regret, and voluntary relinquishment of another term (prior to the ending of a full eight years) is almost unheard of.

In setting forth these arguments, the New Republic does not of course mean to endorse them. We agree with our Washington correspondent that for Mr. Coolidge to consent to run again at this late day would be a demeaning performance; and unless it were stage-managed with the greatest possible skill, the country would recognize it as such. Instead of making Smith's defeat assured, Mr. Coolidge's candidacy would for the first time give the Democrats a chance to win.

CHANG TSO-LIN has abandoned Peking and fled back to Manchuria, where he has already experienced an attack upon his life which came dangerously near to being successful. The Nationalists now control the whole country south of the Great Wall; it is true that the Japanese troops are still in Shantung, and that Chang left behind some 70,000 of his men who must still be settled with, but neither of these situations is of major importance. The Chinese soldiers are likely to come over to the side of Canton, and the Japanese, after getting a formal apology from Chiang Kai-shek for the affair of Tsinan-fu, will make no further trouble—except by accident. For the first time in many years, therefore, there is a chance that all China except Manchuria will be under one unified government; and naturally, the Nationalists greet the present moment with the same joy which, in the American Revolution, was created by the surrender at Yorktown.

WHILE every true friend of the Chinese people must hope with all his heart that these dreams will be fulfilled, it is impossible not to sound a note of caution. The triumphant march on Peking has been, after all, the work of two generals—Chiang Kai-shek and Feng Yu-hsiang. Last year, after Chiang's brilliant success in reaching Shanghai, he made an attempt, temporarily successful, to take control of the Nationalist government and establish himself as another war-lord of the all-too-familiar type. The temptation now to make himself ruler of all China will certainly be stronger still. As for Feng, he is a military adventurer and nothing more. He allied himself with the Nationalist forces because of a bargain between Chiang and himself, the terms of which are still unknown but are certain to be highly advantageous to Feng. If Chang Tso-lin remains in Manchuria, with diminished but still impressive prestige, and with or without Japanese backing, he will be a continuing threat to the new government, and will provide Chiang and Feng with an excuse for a continued military dictatorship. The Nationalists have made a great step forward in capturing Peking, certainly; but it would be blind optimism to suppose their troubles are over.

SENATOR HEFLIN made a pitiable spectacle of himself when he appeared before the Senate committee which is investigating campaign expenditures. All his many weeks of wild speeches in the Senate and elsewhere, his charges that millions were being poured out to support the candidacy of Governor Smith, turned out to be without any factual foundation whatever. Senator Heflin had not a shred of proof of anything he has said; he had accepted every rumor, every bit of gossip from any source, and if it suited his prejudices, he broadcast it to the world with all the supposed authority of Senate debate, and of publication in the Congressional Record, behind it. The committee which thus forced upon him the opportunity to discredit himself also elicited the fact that he has been paid many thousands of dollars by the Ku Klux Klan for making speeches, at fees of $150 or $200 each.

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Probably Senator Heflin had little standing with serious and thoughtful people before the investigation began; he should certainly have none as it ends.

The Republican Dilemma

THE Republican delegates who assemble next week in Kansas City will begin by listening to discourses by the temporary and the permanent chairman about the immaculate record and the glorious prospects of their party. They are supposed to be hard-headed professionals who are trained to prevent themselves from being fooled about facts, but they will not behave as if the supposition were true. It will be part of the game of politics, as they play it, to accept without question and even with vociferous approval accounts about the performance and promise of Republican government which are really nothing more than official fairy tales. If they were really hard-headed men who fastened their attention on plans to promote the permanent welfare of their party, they would not permit their leaders in and out of Congress to deceive them with such mischievous hullabaloo. They would welcome to the platform some devil's advocate who was capable of placing before them some more candid and considerate review and discussion of the party's record. Or still better, they would, early in the proceedings of every national convention, elect a committee upon the state of the Republican realm which would be specially commissioned to search the recent history of the party and report to the whole body a series of leading questions about the present standing and early prospects of the party. The convention could then either pass upon these questions or, if that were too difficult, report back to the local Republican associations for prayerful discussion and reconsideration.

Unfortunately, the Republican party does not dare at present to turn even a friendly searchlight upon its performances and prospects. It has misbehaved of late; it has floundered as a consequence of its misbehavior; and it cannot afford to face the facts of the record or their consequences. It has not lived up to the standard of conduct which a powerful conservative party may reasonably demand of its leaders in the way of collective decency and efficiency. Investigators have unearthed gross scandals connected both with the administration of public property and with the election of Senators, in which Republicans are chiefly involved and which could not have taken place except with the connivance of their leaders. The guilty members of the party are doubtless exceptions, but they are exceptions which are the natural products of the subordination of government to privileged business under Republican rule; and they are exceptions which the untainted party leaders have lacked the courage to censor and to repudiate. They have behaved as if malefactors like Fall, Daugherty, Sinclair, Smith, Vare and others were children of their body whom they were obliged to punish, but whom they could not disinherit. They have vindicated their party morale, not by a tonic process of self-criticism and self-purgation, but by a shamefaced silence, which was tantamount to a practical acknowledgment of complicity.

It is a significant fact also that a party whose cohesion is unaffected by the exposure of flagrant corruption on the part of its own members is shattered into fragments when it is forced to act on questions of public policy. The representatives of the industrial states of the East and Middle West, which compose the dominant faction in the party, are powerful enough to prevent any legislation which circumscribes the existing privileges of property or the opportunities of organized business. On the other hand, the representatives from the exclusively agricultural states form another major faction which believes that the Coolidge-Mellon policy is ruining the farmer for the benefit of industry. On important occasions these agrarian Republicans can prevent the Republican leaders from agreeing upon a party program or, by uniting with the Democrats, paralyze legislation.

Notwithstanding, consequently, its enormous popular majorities in the elections of 1920 and 1924, the Republican party has no reason at present to feel comfortable about its record or sanguine about its prospects. Historically it has consisted of a coalition between the predominantly agricultural and the predominantly industrial regions of the country, but during the last twenty years this coalition has tended to dissolve, and throughout the coming presidential campaign it will be subjected to a severer strain than at any election since 1912. The Republicans did indeed triumph over an apparently more dangerous revolt which four years ago originated in the same regions and which appealed to the same interests, but if in 1928 they are equally successful in combating it, they will have done nothing to deserve their success.

In 1924 the conservative Democratic candidate was impotent to take advantage of their weakness. The Coolidge campaigners rolled up an enormous majority by exploiting the inertia and the apprehension of the American voters. They took away from the Democrats the doubtful conservative vote and scared the discontented but timid voters of the West into voting against La Follette as the dangerous enemy of prosperity. But in 1928 the agrarian malcontents, although they are suffering less than they were four years ago, are more disillusioned and more thoroughly alienated from Republicanism. The Republican President has several times vetoed their favorite remedy for their economic privations, and he has taken pains to scold them for their defection from orthodox Republican doctrine. Yet neither he nor any of his associates has suggested any satisfactory cure for their grievances.

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As long as he or any other spokesman of industry is President, their outlook is hopeless. But they are in a position to revenge themselves, and they cannot again be so easily maneuvered into refusing to take advantage of it. The Western farmers will argue that Democratic or Progressive depression could not have been any more disastrous for them than Republican prosperity. In order to punish the Republicans they will not have to enter an independent class candidate. It will be more effective tactics on their part to vote Democratic. The probable Democratic candidate may not arouse much interest and sympathy among discontented farmers of the West, but he can certainly do better than John Davis. Al Smith can impart to them the sense of his lively sympathy with their grievances, and he can make them believe that he represents the neglected but by no means negligible American class to which they belong, which is that of the underdog.

The Republicans are, then, facing a more formidable enemy and a more compromised prospect than they did four or eight years ago. Some of the weapons which they have wielded in the past with most success have lost their edge. Republican prosperity does not look as desirable and irresistible as it did, and the ordinary voter will not be as easily scared away as he was from jeopardizing it by his vote. Enthusiastic as the business men themselves are over the fruit of Republican government, the smaller fry have no sufficient motive for not being willing to consider a change. There is no large or aggressive body of radical opinion in the country to which the Republican orators can point with alarm, but there is a large body of restless and discontented opinion. These unstable malcontents are much more unmanageable. They may well be attracted by a candidate like Al Smith, who would be safe without being high-hat and smug, and who would be news without being a danger or a calamity. After five years of Coolidge the dreary, many American voters will welcome the intrusion into politics of a more picturesque and sporting figure. The monotony of industrial employment and the commercial exploitation of all kinds of combat have given the American people an almost morbid craving for sporting contests, and an election has the possibility of being the most exciting of all games, if only the fighting is hard and the outcome is doubtful. The Republicans have fallen into the usual mistake of successful and complacent people. They have taken for granted the automatic repetition of their striking but ill-deserved victories. They have counted too much on the apparently irresistible strength of their position as the political embodiment of flourishing vested interests at a period when public opinion is sluggish and progressivism is suspect.

The Republicans do occupy a strong position as the spokesmen of the existing economic system—a position which no opposing party is as yet capable of permanently challenging. But they have underestimated the danger of a temporary upset at the hands of a combination of floating city voters who are becoming increasingly suggestible and mercurial, and of agrarian voters who are becoming increasingly discontented. They themselves are the victims of the intellectual and moral inertia which they are laboring to fasten upon their fellow countrymen. They lack the kind of political sensitivity which would enable their leaders to detect the oncoming of obscure and unexpected movements and diversions in American public opinion. It would be scarcely possible to beat them if they appeal to the fears or take advantage of the suggestibility of the ordinary voters, but in 1928 they need and lack both an issue and a personality. A party which keeps together by suppressing intellectual and moral courage or imagination among its young men is almost incapable of selecting its leaders from newcomers with picturesque and winning personalities.

The Republican party is, however, the victim of a lack of adaptibility and integrity which will ultimately be more troublesome than its internal dissensions and the dubious means by which it maintains its cohesion. It is the representative of American conservatism. Yet it cherishes an impoverished and divided conception of what the conservation of the vested interests of American society implies and demands. Under the influence of Mellon and Coolidge it has identified conservatism with the dogmatic perpetuation of the existing privileges of business and the suppression of any attempt to modify or socialize those privileges. On the other hand, big business itself is unsettling the relation of industry and society, and it is unsettling the mental and moral patterns of the American people. Organized industry and machine technology themselves secrete the most radical ferments which are now transforming American individual and social psychology. Yet the Mellons and the Coolidges insist that any effort to persuade organized society to readjust itself to the consequences of these revolutionary ferments threatens to destroy society itself and must be fought by mobilizing against it the full power and prestige of the American national tradition.

The future of the Republican party will be stormy and tragic unless it reforms and develops leaders who understand the futility of trying to conserve American political and social institutions by varnishing them as if they were unalterable and consummate. These institutions must in the long run be adapted to the consequences of the gathering technological revolution upon popular psychology and social processes. The people who engineer the adaptation may be the enemies of the existing social order, or they may be the friends of the existing order. But they must be one or the other. The

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American conservatives are still unconscious of the imminence of this dilemma and of the impossibility of evading it. But we do not believe that they will persist in being as blind as they are now. Conservatism of the Mellon and Coolidge brand simply will not work. Its ineptitude will create strains within the party machine which will prevent it from operating even with semi-efficiency. The Republican party, as they conduct it, can administer, but it cannot govern. It is so deeply divided against itself and so wilfully ignorant about the truth of existing economic processes that it is incapable of constructive social legislation. It will remain inept and sterile until its leaders come to understand that the way to fulfill its appointed task and to preserve that which is sound in American institutions is to set up a cost-accounting department, and, in the light of its reports, to watch their operation and to undertake their modification cautiously but without fear and without dogma. It is the conservative interest which loses most by insisting on antagonism to methodical progressivism.

"Republican" Prosperity?

WE assume that the Republican platform will have, as one of its chief planks, a disquisition on Republican prosperity. In an effort to help Senator Smoot in framing it, we have called upon a publicity man to write one which he thinks appropriate and upon a careful economist to check up his statements. The resulting document—publicity declarations and economist's footnotes (in parentheses)—we present, in part, below.

"The country has never enjoyed so long and uninterrupted a period of prosperity as during the past administration." (An inspection of the best curves of the business cycle reveals that industrial depressions have occurred, during the past half-century, regardless of the party in power, on an average of once in about three and one-half years. Some of these depressions were severe, others mild. A depression occurred in the spring and summer of 1924. Another one—mild, to be sure, but little less marked in such respects as production and employment than those of 1911 or 1914, came in the fall and winter of 1927.)

"No banking stringency or financial panic has occurred. Credit has at all times been liberal and easy of access to business." (Thanks, principally, first, to the operation of the Federal Reserve System, set up under Wilson's first administration in spite of opposition from Republican leaders and bankers, and second, to the immense post-war flow of gold from abroad to American banking reserves. Stock-market inflation is now tightening credit appreciably.)

"All industries have shared in a period of unprecedented expansion." (With the exception of the greatest single industry—agriculture—and of other basic industries such as soft-coal mining, which, in spite of its sad disorganization, the administration has not assisted with measures recommended by its own investigating commission, and cotton textiles, which, in spite of a high protective tariff, has suffered severely.)

"Under the Republican policy of protection, American wages are the highest in the world. Measured in terms of what they can buy, the pay-envelopes of American workers are at least twice as fat as those of Europe." (International comparisons of real wages rest upon an extremely slender statistical basis. Such as they are, they indicate: (1) that about the same disparity has existed for years, under Democratic as well as under Republican administrations; (2) that, while American workers under tariff protection are better off than British workers under modified free trade, British workers under free trade are about twice as well off as French or German workers under protection. It must not be forgotten, too, that many European workers enjoy a governmentally fostered security unknown in this country, such as insurance against unemployment and old age, and publicly aided housing. Among the better authenticated causes of higher wages in this country are: (1) the richness of our native resources in relation to population, (2) the extent of opportunity in a rapidly developing country, (3) the extent of the tariff-free area in the United States, with a large, homogeneous consuming public which permits mass-production, (4) the ingenuity and enterprise of our inventors, engineers and business men. For none of these can any living party claim responsibility.)

"The standards of living of the American wage-earner have been steadily rising, for while wholesale prices have been falling or stationary, wage rates have been going up. Real wages in this country are now about 25 percent higher than before the War." (Real wages can be measured by comparing wage-earnings, not with wholesale prices, but with an average of retail prices, usually called "the cost of living." There is a good deal of statistical uncertainty about such comparisons. Accepting the best figures we have, however, which are based on official governmental sources, it appears that part of the increase in real wages of manufacturing workers occurred between 1914 and 1920, when the Democrats were in power, and part occurred as a consequence of the depression of 1921-22, when prices fell more rapidly than wages, but that since 1923, when Mr. Coolidge entered office, an appreciable rise in real wages is shown by the figures.)

"The entire population has been benefited by the great increases in productivity which have occurred in recent years. The activities of the Department of Commerce in assisting business to eliminate waste, through its work in standardization and simplification, have contributed measurably toward this result." (The increase in productivity has been

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marked since 1923, yet in that period there has been little increase in real wages or in farmers' incomes. On the contrary, the increased efficiency of industry has apparently been accompanied by growing unemployment of those forced to seek other jobs because fewer men can turn out a given product. This problem the administration has consistently attempted to minimize, though it has not put into effect the elementary measures recommended as a result of the Harding Unemployment Conference of 1922, which would have enabled it at least to know the elementary facts as to the number of unemployed—facts which it now does not know. How much credit the Department of Commerce is entitled to for the increased productivity no one can say. But we do know that the standardization work of the Bureau of Standards is not available to the ultimate consumer—the Bureau dares not publish the results of its tests of specific commodities. And we do know that the savings effected for the manufacturer by simplification have had no apparent effect upon the prices at which the simplified products are offered to the public.)

"Profits have been ample, and a horde of new investors have been able to receive a deserved reward for their savings by participating in business profits through investments in corporate ownership." (Profits of many of the large corporations have been more than ample. On the other hand, there has been a record number of small bankruptcies. The Treasury reports show that in 1925, 41 percent of all corporations had a deficit, and that manufacturers representing one-tenth of 1 percent of the manufacturing companies made 44.5 percent of the total net income. In the period 1923 to 1925 the profits of firms making over $5,000,000 a year grew 25 percent, while those of firms making less than this declined 11 percent. Doubtless the administration could and should have done nothing to stop the mortality and shrinking profits of the small concerns, since they were in large measure the victims of comparative inefficiency. But the enormous profits of the big concerns are mainly due to their failure to reduce selling prices as rapidly as their costs fell, through increased productivity. Perhaps the administration's friendly attitude toward monopoly and quasi-monopoly had something to do with this result. As to the sharing of investors in profits, the number of common stockholders is, as a rule, grossly exaggerated. An actuary of the Treasury Department estimated them, not long ago, at not over 2,000,000. Many recent small purchasers of stocks, too, have suffered, or will suffer, from a slump in values consequent upon the recent speculative inflation of the stock market. This inflation, with its wave of popular speculation, was deliberately fostered by optimistic statements from the President and Secretary Mellon, and was indirectly assisted by the immense undistributed profits of big corporations, which they did not know how to invest profitably in additional production, and consequently loaned in large amounts on call to speculators. Here, as elsewhere, the big fellows and the "insiders" have retained the profits, and the general public will have little if any net gain.)

"The farmers, recovering from the deflation which followed the War, have seen the prices of agricultural products rise almost to the same percentage above pre-war levels as have industrial prices. Meanwhile the administration has protected agriculture against unsound legislation which in the long run would have greatly injured the farmers as well as all other producers and consumers throughout the country." (Meanwhile, the administration has done nothing to ease the recovery. The agricultural population has shrunk, tenancy has appreciably increased, and the burden of mortgage debt has been made more onerous by a strict credit policy on the part of the Federal Land Banks, whose control was reorganized at the behest of the Treasury Department.)

"All have benefited by drastic tax reduction, made possible by the administration's policy of strict economy." (The bulk of the reduction of federal expenses was the natural consequence of the liquidation of war agencies, and much of it occurred before the Republicans took power. Much of the remaining "economy," while it crippled useful governmental activities, resulted in only minor savings to taxpayers. The tax reductions actually recommended by the administration would have applied much more largely to the big income-taxpayers and less to the small ones; the action of Congress modified the original Mellon plan in favor of the small incomes.)

We refrain from quoting further, on such subjects as "less government in business and less business in government," because, as we read, the suspicion grows that the document is not very helpful to Senator Smoot, after all. He will undoubtedly be able to do much better, without any aid from the economists.

Japan in Manchuria

THE Chinese Nationalists have answered the refusal of the Japanese government to allow the civil war which they have waged for the possession of Peking to spread to Manchuria with explicit repudiation and fierce resentment. Yet according to reports from Tokio, they are mistaken in placing an anti-Nationalist interpretation upon the declared Japanese policy. The Japanese government insists that its conduct is not prompted by any hostility to the Nationalist revolution. A recent and apparently authoritative cable from Tokio to the New York Times asserts that the "next phase which Japan looks for in China is the establishment of the Nationalist government in Peking, and her present

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conduct is intended to smooth its way. . . . Japan's policy is being dictated by self-interest. She wants to see the civil war end so that trade may improve." Is this claim merely a piece of Japanese special pleading? Or is it an honest expression of the attitude of the Japanese government towards the Chinese revolutionary movement?

In the opinion of the New Republic it is an honest expression of one major aspect of Japanese policy towards China. Japan has, since the Washington Conference of 1921, abandoned her former intention of transforming the whole of northern China into a Japanese sphere of influence. She has not during the past six years intrigued, as she did before, in order to foment political disorder in China and to prevent the organization of an effective and responsible Chinese national government. Since the Washington Conference of 1921, her policy has been, except in one respect, inoffensive and disinterested. She gave up the prize which she won during the World War and evacuated Shantung. During the troubles which followed, in the spring of 1927, upon the occupation of Nanking by the Cantonese armies, the attitude of Japan was tolerant, moderate and conciliatory. The recent behavior of the Japanese government in reoccupying certain parts of Shantung with such large forces is more equivocal, but in spite of the unfortunate collision between the Japanese and Chinese soldiers at Tsinan-fu, the Japanese have not seriously embarrassed the advance of the Southern army nor denied to it the use of the railway. They could on frequent occasions have interfered indirectly on behalf of the local military chieftains who were contesting the Nationalist advance, but there is, we believe, no evidence that they have afforded the enemies of Chinese nationalism any covert encouragement or assistance.

There was a time when Chang Tso-lin, the military chief of Manchuria and the former head of the Peking government, was an accomplice of Japan, which both protected and subsidized him, but of late Chang has himself talked and behaved in an anti-Japanese manner, and the Japanese government has apparently no intention of saving him or his armies. The despatch from Tokio in the New York Times, from which we have already quoted, states that if Chang's army is defeated and driven back to the Manchurian border, the Japanese will not permit it to use Manchurian territory as a refuge in which to recover and to refit. It will be dissolved and disarmed by the Japanese troops, and the Nationalists will not have any military excuse for pursuing it across the line. The recent declaration of the Japanese that they would not allow the civil war to spread to Manchuria is apparently to be interpreted in the light of this additional explanation of the policy which the Japanese government proposes to pursue. It will not permit Manchuria to be used as a military base by the Chinese enemies of the Kuomintang. The Nationalists, having defeated Chang Tso-lin and occupied Peking and Chinese territory up to the Great Wall, can proceed with the organization of the liberated territory without any fear of a counter-revolutionary demonstration from Manchuria.

If this is a correct version of Japanese policy, there is much to be said in its favor. It has the great advantage of making the existing war for the possession of Peking conclusive for the time being, and of saving the Nationalists from the costs and the dangers of an additional campaign for the conquest of Manchuria. Such a campaign might well result in serious and even fatal friction between the Chinese and Japanese armies or the Chinese and Japanese governments. There are some 200,000 Japanese citizens now living in Manchuria, and many of them are engaged in more or less important business. If the civil war is allowed to cross the Manchurian border, it would be impossible to withdraw these Japanese residents, and it might also be impossible to protect their property and their lives from military violence. Is it not better, consequently, to prevent the Northern and Southern armies from fighting on Manchurian soil, and so avoid a possible repetition in that region of the disorder which took place in Nanking and Shantung? From this point of view the Japanese policy can be interpreted as actually favorable to the Nationalist cause. The Japanese army will perform for the Nationalist army a task which Chiang Kai-shek might find it difficult, if not impossible, to perform promptly without this Japanese assistance. It will reduce to at least temporary impotence the military opposition to the organization of a Nationalist government.

Yet the announcement of the Japanese army that it would not allow the Chinese civil war to spread into Manchuria has infuriated the Chinese Nationalists, and no wonder. For, as a consequence of the Japanese announcement, Manchuria for the most essential of all purposes has ceased to be Chinese territory. The responsibility which the Japanese government has assumed in the eastern provinces exceeds by a large margin its treaty rights and jeopardizes the future connection of Manchuria with the Chinese Republic. It subjects that region to a divided authority which will involve many legal and practical difficulties. Assuming that Chang retires without an army to his own provincial capital at Mukden, how will the Japanese government deal with him? If it permits him to recruit and equip another army, it will be conniving at an attack upon the security of Nationalist China. On the other hand, if it prevents him from raising a new army, it is assuming sovereign rights in Manchuria and separating it from the body of China. It cannot challenge the authority of Chang Tso-lin in his provincial domain without presumptively challenging also the authority in these provinces of any government which claims to have succeeded to the sovereign rights of the former Chinese Emperors.

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What will be the outcome of the Japanese policy? Will Japan persistently refuse to allow the government of the rest of China to occupy and to rule Manchuria? Or will she try to negotiate some system of divided control which, while recognizing a nominal Chinese suzerainty, will make Japanese officials actually responsible for the local governernment?

The New Republic does not know what the correct answers to these questions will prove to be, but it will take the chance of guessing. The elder statesmen of Japan have, in its opinion, honestly abandoned the attempt to convert Northern China into a Japanese estate. If the Chinese Nationalists are able to unite North and South China under the authority of a single stable government, they will not have to face Japanese opposition. The Japanese statesmen are reconciled to the prospect of a Chinese Nationalist state. They insist, however, that the new Chinese state shall grant to Manchuria a status different from that of other Chinese territory. They claim for Japan a special sphere of influence in the eastern provinces, and they argue that such a sphere of influence on the mainland is indispensable to the safety and to the existence of their country. They will not permit Manchuria to be ruled by a government which is capable of organizing and equipping a strong army. They wish to be protected against invasion from the mainland. But they are also counting upon Manchuria as an economic dependency of Japan. They consider it necessary to keep the population of Manchuria as a market for Japanese manufactures, and they are counting upon procuring from Manchurian soil a substantial part of the Japanese food supply. They justify this policy by the situation of Japan as an island empire with a rapidly expanding population which cannot be supported in any other way. America and Europe will not allow them to export enough Japanese immigrants to relieve the terrible pressure of the people of Japan on its soil. Neither will they import Japanese manufactures in sufficient quantities to enable Japan to buy the foreign-grown food which her increasing population must consume. The Japanese government considers itself justified, consequently, in reserving for its own use an estate in Manchuria which will supplement the defects of Japan in raw materials and arable land and in foreign markets.

The Japanese government may or may not be justified in the policy on which it is apparently embarking, but the more immediate and graver question concerns the consequences of this policy on the relations between China and Japan. A Chinese Nationalist government will for the present refuse absolutely to recognize a special Japanese dependency in Manchuria. If it has to submit, it will do so rebelliously. Thereafter, in so far as it possesses the strength, the all-important object of Chinese national statesmanship will be the reassertion of its authority in Manchuria by any means which may be necessary. From this point of view the Japanese policy will stimulate the reorganization of a Chinese army which may eventually be capable of occupying Manchuria in force, and will animate that army with an aggressive bellicose anti-Japanese spirit. It would point, consequently, towards a prolonged condition of war or of armed peace in the Far East which would end either by the expulsion of Japan from Manchuria or the military exhaustion and presumably the political disintegration of Nationalist China.

Japanese statesmen cannot, however, contemplate either of these results with anything like satisfaction. They presumably look forward to the establishment of friendly economic and political relations with Nationalist China, and if they are pursuing a policy which threatens to result in friction and enmity instead of coöperation and friendship, they must have foreseen this danger and prepared against it. They may, for instance, have decided to hold Manchuria for a few decades until the Chinese Nationalists have proved their ability to unite the Chinese people under a single federal authority, and they may expect to negotiate with a united but non-aggressive China a treaty which would guarantee the access of Japan to a food supply and markets on the mainland of Asia. If this is the ultimate expectation of Japan, her statesmen are taking a long chance in pursuing it. No doubt it is a possible policy both in a military and a political sense. China will not be strong enough for a long time to fight Japan for the possession of Manchuria, and when she is strong enough, she will, if Japanese power is still intact, have the more reason to negotiate. But in the meantime Chinese nationalism will be tempered chiefly on the anvil of Japanese resistance, and the nationalist economy of China will develop independent of that of Japan or in antagonism thereto. This long period of friction and non-coöperation will render an ultimately amicable adjustment between the conflicting interests of the intensively national economies of the two Far-Eastern countries extremely difficult if not wholly impossible.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1928, IN THE U. S., BY THE NEW REPUBLIC, INC., 421 WEST 21ST STREET, NEW YORK
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The Sequel to Renouncing War

BY A unanimous vote, the House of Lords has invited the British government to sign the American treaty for the renunciation of war. This may seem to liberals, at first sight, a dubious recommendation. Isocrates, when the Athenian mob applauded him, whispered in horror to a friend, "What have I said amiss?" But in spite of the approval of the Lords, Mr. Kellogg may be at ease; he has said nothing amiss. The Lords for once reflect the opinion of this island. There is no opposition to this treaty; there are only varying shades of approval. A few enthusiasts see in it the dawn of a new age, and even the skeptics are ready to sign a document which assuredly can do no harm.[1]

This shall be a frank commentary: it represents no view but my own. One's first attitude in reading over this draft treaty was mild bewilderment. What, one asked, did we gain by this ritual repudiation of war? One was impressed by its simplicity. Subtlety has made small progress on the road to peace: perhaps the evangelical directness of this new method might lead us to the straight and narrow gate. And so we prepared ourselves to recite Mr. Kellogg's formula, saying after him, "with a pure heart and humble voice," that we "renounce war as an instrument of national policy." He did not invite us to join in any general confession of sin. We have never (for so His Majesty's ministers read history) made war to aggrandize ourselves. Would any Great Power admit it? But it was generally felt that this is a practice which one's neighbors should renounce.

On further reflection, certain gains from this novel procedure became manifest. More clearly even than the Covenant of the League of Nations, this treaty limits the right of a sovereign state to be a law unto itself. Nothing belonged more certainly to the old-world conception of sovereignty than the absolute right to wage war at one's own discretion. A vestige of that right still lingered in the minds of the draftsmen of the League's Covenant, and received implicit recognition in the notorious "gap"—the arrangement which tacitly permits war, after the lapse of the stipulated period of delay, if the League's Council should have failed to recommend a unanimous solution. It is highly improbable that any member of the League will ever avail himself of this gap: a will to war would declare itself long before the resources of the Covenant were exhausted. But the "gap" preyed on men's nerves: it is no small gain that Mr. Kellogg's treaty seems to close it. Civilization has passed a milestone when it banishes from its tolerated institutions the right to levy private war.

The treaty is welcomed by Englishmen even more warmly for another reason. All of us realize that the League has disappointed our hopes, partly because the United States remained aloof from it. The League is strong enough to intimidate any European power of the third, and perhaps of the second rank, if it should contemplate aggression. But could it, in a grave emergency, cope with a Great Power—a "World Power," to use the suggestive German expression? Few of us flatter ourselves that it could. It has in reserve the formidable instrument of economic coercion. But of what value would the most rigid boycott be, if the United States held aloof, and insisted on her right as a neutral to finance and supply a state which the League regarded as an aggressor and an outlaw? We do not read into Mr. Kellogg's treaty any commitments to participate in the work of coercion. We respect, even if we regret, the tradition of isolation. And yet, we ask ourselves, could the United States fail, in such a struggle, to discriminate, in some degree, against a power which, after the general adoption of this treaty, had "recourse to war for the settlement" of an "international controversy"? It seems, then, that Mr. Kellogg's initiative, so far from weakening the League, might strengthen its authority.

But as yet we have only begun to foresee the possible consequences of this radical rewriting of international law. If one has the courage to follow out its logic, they seem far-reaching. Hitherto war has been the legitimate recreation of every sovereign state. International law, accepting this right to levy war, went on to limit its exercise in certain directions. It wrote its code of the laws of war. It proscribed the more wanton cruelties. It sought, especially at sea, to protect neutrals against the injuries which belligerents might be tempted to inflict. What becomes of all this lumber when war itself is renounced? There can be no more "war"; what may happen is that a power or powers, acting singly or jointly, may find themselves in a state of legitimate defense against some perjured power which has lapsed into the forbidden use of war as an instrument of national policy. Must one not rewrite the so-called laws of war in the light of this reformation? Would the argument which American and British admirals lately conducted at Geneva have run, on precisely the same lines, to the same disastrous *impasse*, if it had begun with

[1] This article by Mr. Brailsford was mailed from London shortly before the publication of Sir Austen Chamberlain's note, which agreed to the Kellogg proposal in principle but made several reservations. These are generally accepted as supporting the French point of view and have been strongly criticized in the British Liberal press for that reason.—THE EDITORS.

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this renunciation of war? Can one any longer talk of blockades in the abstract? Blockades in future are of two kinds—one which is simply criminal, an attempt to hold up commerce as an incident in the pursuit of war as a policy; the other an incident in self-defense. It is in the light of this distinction that we must work out the future freedom of the seas.

Finally (and this is present in most men's thinking), the test of this treaty will be its bearing on disarmament. Must we continue to build capital ships, to the limit of the tonnage which the Washington Convention sanctions? Shall we all continue to build cruisers to wage the wars which we have renounced? If, as one hopes, this treaty secures the signatures of all the Great Powers, will it, too, fail, as the League has failed, to diminish the risks against which we must arm? One does not know the answer to these questions. But this one may say: if the general renunciation of war does not lead to disarmament, it will furnish a new argument for world revolution.

A study of this draft does, however, suggest other questions to some of us which are rather more disquieting. It contains no definition of "war." May one "save one's oath," as the old ballad-writers would have put it, by the usual expedients? One refuses to "recognize" the government which one assails, or one refrains from a formal declaration of war. The extent to which, without the sin of war, one may trespass on one's neighbor's territory, bombard his towns, slaughter his citizens, blockade his coasts, and coerce his government to do that which it would not spontaneously do, is one of the most surprising discoveries of our refined civilization. We were never at war with Soviet Russia, though we blockaded her ports, equipped and financed partisan armies on her soil, and ourselves landed a force at Archangel. We could send to Shanghai 25,000 men well equipped with tanks, aeroplanes, field-guns and other instruments of conciliation, and we should have blushed to call it war. Nor are the operations in Nicaragua war, though to what peaceable method of settlement they approximate is less certain. They have little resemblance to arbitration. Would Mr. Kellogg's treaty forbid the ultimatum which we lately sent to the "independent" and "sovereign" government of Egypt, with a couple of super-dreadnoughts to render it acceptable? The treaty is not so understood in Downing Street. Plainly, in renouncing war, one does not mean to forbid a wide range of military operations which enter into the habitual technique of every imperial power. Its effect upon armaments is correspondingly reduced.

The permitted exercise of self-defense opens up the same dangerous ambiguity. To define "defense" seems as necessary as to define war. What does a modern power "defend" when, with a good conscience, it operates with armed force beyond its own territories? Rarely the sacred soil of the mother country. In our day she has become a moneyed lady. She invests overseas, and if we are protecting the rights, which we ourselves define, of our investors, contractors or merchants, this also is held to be "defense." The word is the constant refrain of every official justification of these doings, whether in China, Egypt, or Central America.

One ventures to stress these difficulties, if American readers can tolerate a skeptic, because one questions whether, within the ideology of the "outlawry" movement, there exists even the germ of a solution. These things will continue to happen, however solemnly we may repudiate war. While they are done, they will furnish an excuse for armaments. And because they are done by the greater civilized powers, they will nourish in the minds of pariah peoples, like the Russians and Chinese, a contempt for our law, and a scorn for our professed pacifism. While they are done, force remains the real arbiter on the earth. And yet it is hard to believe, in these days of international investment, that the necessity for them can be wholly avoided. There will be cases, in Asia as in Central America, when some kind of police action appears salutary, and even unavoidable. But does it follow that the nearest of the Great Powers, which has inevitably a financial stake in the region, can be trusted to determine the moment for intervention, to fix its limits, and to end it, or prolong it, as its own unchecked judgment may decide? The old-fashioned pacifist has for this problem no constructive answer. He opposes each intervention as it occurs, often with high moral courage. But the real forces of economic destiny roll over him, hardly pausing to answer his protests. Nothing is altered, either in Nicaragua or in Egypt. Nor is there anything in the political armory of the outlawry school which can contribute to a solution.

Assuredly there is little in the practice of the Old World which points to a solution. But at least, in the idea of the permanent organization of international action, there lies the germ of a development. We do not in fact use the League to organize these interventions, but we have in it a mechanism which is susceptible of such use. It may be that in the New World the Pan-American Union is capable of a like development.

Police action, even under international control, would still be a dangerous violence, which liberals would watch with jealous scrutiny. But in such control there is some guarantee of impartiality, some court of disinterested judgment, some barrier against indefinite occupation and economic exploitation. But the League has greater possibilities than this. Long before a helpless little state drifts into the chaos which calls for intervention, the League may assist to organize its finances, raise for it an international loan, or lend it officials who may modernize its administration. The financial help which the League has given, first to Austria and Hungary, and then to Esthonia, is a model of international

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aid. Persia's request to Geneva for the nomination of health officers points the way to an even wider activity. If the League may send doctors, might it not also lend police officers, engineers and educational experts? There is here a substitute for the "civilizing mission" of imperialism. The ideal is to expand this service of first-aid. When it operates, on a generous scale, as a normal function of coöperative civilization, the case for forcible intervention should never arise. This line of thought may seem to American readers incorrigibly, even provincially, European. Yet peace must mean more than the avoidance of war. It must mean organized coöperation.

From the same angle, rather of interrogation than of criticism, another peculiarity of this treaty seems significant. It prohibits war for the settlement of disputes, but prescribes no alternative means. The wording is deliberately negative. A solution of disputes "shall never be sought except by pacific means." But it is not stipulated that a solution shall be sought by such means. What is to happen, if a power announces that a dispute in which it is concerned is not suitable for settlement by any of the usual means which the other party may propose? If the power in question holds the stakes in the controversy, war cannot occur, but will the world see justice? That may not seem a serious objection to citizens of satisfied powers. The world is very well as we find it. Our lot could hardly be bettered even by a victorious war. No iniquitous frontier galls us: no conqueror is engaged in crushing the national consciousness of our kinsmen: we sigh for no wide changes in the structure of a world which has brought us wealth, power and opportunity. Cradled in good fortune, one may readily suppose that the whole problem is to avoid war.

But to peoples who live in the shadow, it may seem that change is the first essential. War is the last resort of an ambitious or downtrodden people which, by long brooding over its unheeded cry for change, or redress or opportunity, has convinced itself that it will stifle, if it does not strike. To a people in that case, Mr. Kellogg's treaty forbids war, but there is no positive promise of redress by peaceful means, nor is any organization created which can bring about salutary changes in the world when changes are due. That may matter little to the masters of the Western Hemisphere, nor need it trouble the British Empire. But if I were a German, or an Italian, a Russian or a Chinaman, I should wear this crown of olives like a chain.

There remains then, in the uncharted future, beyond the fortunate conclusion of this treaty, to which we all look forward, the vast constructive problem of peace. In spite of it, the Empires will still conduct their wars which are not war. They will still use force to defend their stakes beyond the seas. And those who lack the ease which the prosperous and conservative powers find in their golden peace, will sigh for change in vain. The major problem is not to renounce war. It is to create an international organization which in the name of justice will impose modesty on the great, and ensure to the humble redress.

H. N. Brailsford.

London.

Two Poems

Revolt of the Dead

The birch tips lighten,
The maple burns,
The warm mould trembles,
The sown seed turns
In dreams and dreaming
To sunward yearns.

Alone my dreamers
In their dark plot
Turn not nor quicken—
My dead wake not.

Will no tombed captain,
No gallant ghost,
Arouse from slumber
That shadow host?
Will no lost Roland
Remembering
Clear skies of April,
Bright winds of spring,
Dare shake that silence—
Will none, will none
Cry on revolt with
"The Sun! The Sun!"

Helen McAfee.

"Now Could I Trace the Passages Through Air"

Now could I trace the passages through air
Where your light step has taken you, and hear
The words you said, find fair what you found fair,
Know what has brought you laughter and what fear,
And following on through vanished day and dark
Your vanishing dear figure, where it moved
These many days, could, trembling, pause to mark
Here was she happy, here was she beloved—

I could be happier so a little while
Hurrying where you had passed, remembering
Your memories; till following mile on mile
Down those long ghostly ways that led to spring
Dim doubt would hold me, murmuring, From now on
Where you will come she is forever gone.

Maxwell Anderson.

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The Agricultural Depression

II. *The Importance of Land Prices*

AGRICULTURAL distress in the United States, as I showed in a previous article, cannot be exclusively, or even mainly, attributed to the causes usually assigned. It is not a product of discriminatory tariffs, because farmers profit from the tariff more than is commonly supposed. Although the balance of tariff advantages probably still rests with industry, the corresponding disadvantage to agriculture does not suffice to account for the farm depression. Nor can the trouble be wholly explained either by overproduction, or by the tendency of farm expenses to remain high after the prices of farm commodities have declined. These conditions undoubtedly affect agriculture adversely, but in the absence of a graver evil they would have been withstood. Agriculture was not barred from prosperity by the tariff before the War; nor was it then barred from prosperity by recurrent crises of overproduction and unequal price adjustments. The difficulty thus caused since the War is certainly not great enough to explain everything.

Essentially, the depression results from a profound and comparatively recent change in the relationship between land and population in the United States. American agriculture began with a virgin continent and a scarcity of labor, under which conditions landlordism or capitalistic farming, except in the slave states, was impossible. Early attempts to establish large farms failed because farm hands left their jobs to take up land for themselves. Labor was thus drained away from the older to the newer agricultural states. Farmers were generally farm workers, deriving income from their own labor rather than from any form of unearned increment. Even as late as 1860 more than one billion acres of free land, mostly west of the Mississippi River, remained to offer farmers freedom from exploitation.

These are familiar facts, but their significance has been ignored. Everybody knows that toward the close of the nineteenth century practically all the available free and cheap land of good quality had been taken up. Few appreciate the influence of that colossal fact on our national economy in general, and on our agricultural system in particular. It inaugurated changes which are at the root of the present farm crisis. As free land became scarce, bidding for land previously appropriated became keener, and land values began to rise. Originally, the choice between buying land and taking up free land was so strongly on the side of the latter course that land-owners, except in a few favored regions, could rarely find buyers. Their position changed immeasurably for the better, almost overnight, when the open frontier disappeared. Gone was the time when no man had to work for another for less than he could get by applying to Nature direct. Economic rent came into existence where it had formerly been unknown. An upward movement of land values resulted which burdened farm operators with capital charges exceeding the earning power of their land.

In other words, land rather than labor became the scarce factor in American agriculture. The trump card was held by the land-owner. Our swarming population was compelled to bid up the price of land to a point at which, in large areas, transfers became of doubtful advantage to the buyers. From 1900 to 1920, for the United States as a whole, farm valuations more than trebled. In some regions, notably in the Corn Belt, in the Great Plains, and in many of the irrigated regions of the West, the increase was much greater. In Iowa, for example, valuations rose from $43 to $227 an acre. Thus farm-land values throughout large areas were brought into an inflated position, in which the farm operator had only a slim chance to win proprietorship. At first, the end was not foreseen. Three generations in the Middle West paid advancing prices for land without exhausting the possibility of additional increases. Prior to 1920, land values *had never declined* in a large area west of the Mississippi. Obviously, however, that could not continue indefinitely, for the law of diminishing returns had not been suspended, and earnings cannot be wholly absorbed in capital charges.

But before a halt was called in 1921, the proprietorship status of the American farmer had been seriously undermined. Recent mortgage-debt figures give an idea of the situation. Farm-mortgage debt in the United States in 1925 was estimated at $9,500,000,000, compared with $4,000,000,000 in 1910. This is the natural consequence of inflated farm valuations. Through them, the terms on which a man may aspire to land ownership become onerous in good times and prohibitive in bad. Blind competition for a diminishing supply of land cannot fail, in the long run, to deprive the average farm operator of all hope of success. Today he cannot expect, as could the pioneer of the nineteenth century, to be indemnified eventually for an insufficient current income by rising land values. With that prospect discounted against him in the purchase price of his land, he is a candidate for the

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bankruptcy court at the first prolonged slump in the commodity markets.

Farm operators today own only a part, and a decreasing part, of all the capital invested in agriculture. A century ago the stake owned in agriculture by non-farmers was small. Today it is very large. In 1925-1926, according to the United States Department of Agriculture, the current value of all the capital invested in American agriculture was $59,778,000,000. But only $32,793,000,000 of that amount was the property of actual farm operators. That might not have been harmful, had the proportion owned by non-farmers represented true investment. Much of it, however, was water, pumped into the farm investment by an insane persuasion, shared by the whole community, that in farm valuations the sky was the limit. The difference between the two figures above quoted represents the value of rented land and of debts owed by farmers to non-farmers, on which difference the charges paid averaged from 6 to 7 percent, or about twice the return received by the farm operators on their own capital. As the total farm valuation included considerable unfounded hope for the future, we need not look farther for the main cause of the farm depression.

Unless the customary terms of farm operation are revised, the goose that lays the golden egg will be either killed or put to flight. Indeed, he is already in flight in considerable numbers, as reports of population movements show. Our farm population declined 604,000 last year. That is testimony to the difficulty farm-trained people have in getting a foothold in farming. Migration from the land is running as strongly today as the migration to the land ran half a century ago. Agriculture is struggling to establish a new equilibrium between its capital and its labor. Farmers are repudiating their contractual relationships and fleeing from financial arrangements that force them to surrender an undue proportion of their earnings to outsiders. The real farm problem is how to settle this conflict equitably.

For this situation the War and its consequences are by no means wholly responsible. Speculation in farm-land values was excessive in some states after the War, but comparatively little property changed hands. In Iowa, where the land boom was wildest, less than 10 percent of the farms were sold. Agriculture is suffering not merely from the effects of the post-war land boom, but also from a general previous overestimate of the earning power of land, accompanied by failure to realize that land values cannot be persistently increased without placing the farm operator in a hopeless relation to his job. Thousands of farms will not produce the purchase money that their operators have contracted to pay. Otherwise stated, the difficulty is less an inadequate total income than an unfair division of that income between the sleeping and the active partners in the business. Every piece of land has its point of diminishing returns, its margin beyond which earnings will not sustain increased valuations. In newly developed regions, where experience has not yet demonstrated the location of that point, an experimental period will invariably place it too high, and establish a proportionately false level of farm valuations. It is this mistake which the West is now painfully trying to correct.

In a sense, therefore, the agricultural problem is a phase of the perennial conflict over the division of earnings between capital and labor. As more and more people demand access to the soil, the farm realty market becomes essentially a seller's market, in which sale contracts between those who own land and those who wish to use it grow progressively more unfavorable for the latter. Protection cannot come except through a correct approximation, reached only after much groping, as to what land is actually worth. Land acquired on terms that properly reflect its current and prospective earning power allows the former owner his due, without unfairly mulcting the new owner, who has then some hope of getting a decent reward for his labor, and a return on his own capital equal to the return he pays on the capital he borrows. But when the buyer agrees to pay a seriously inflated price, he is a hopeless vassal—unless someone comes to his rescue or he escapes through the bankruptcy court.

Industrial enterprise financed in that disastrous way would be ripe for reorganization, through a scaling down of capital charges. A like remedy is in order for agriculture. It is inevitable, in any case, since farm valuations cannot be permanently maintained on a higher level than earnings justify. In some Middle Western states, farm realty values have already been marked down nearly 50 percent from the post-war peak. This is an indication that estimates of farm earning capacity are undergoing revision; but the benefit of the proceeding is reserved chiefly for the next group of land purchasers. Men still carrying the burden of inflation are not helped. Everything depends on how the financial reorganization is done. It should be effected with due regard to the ownership status of the farm operator, for no other status seems compatible with justice and progress.

Subsidies are dubious things; but if an agricultural subsidy is considered desirable, the least harmful would be one that permitted public intervention in the settlement of agricultural debts, so that claims might be equitably compromised and a better relation established between the farm operator and the outside capital invested in agriculture. Farmers were the victims, rather than the cause, of the land speculation that inflated farm valuations unduly after the War, just as they were the victims, rather than the cause, of earlier tendencies leading in the same direction. Agriculture is suffering the consequences of a mistake made by society as a whole,

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rather than merely by farmers. Public policy played a great part in the overstimulation and overcapitalization of western agriculture prior to and during the war period. It is only fair that public policy should contribute something to the remedy.

Nevertheless, the situation really calls less for specific relief measures than for a grasp of its true nature. Most of the damage is irreparable. Nothing can be done for the thousands of farmers already ruined and driven from their farms, and it is not easy to imagine what might be done for those brought to the verge of ruin. But something might be attempted to prevent a repetition of the disaster. It would help mightily to get the fact generally realized that the essential difficulty lies with the division rather than with the amount of the agricultural income. With that understood, the demand for price fixing should diminish. That would be a gain, because price fixing would simply furnish new excuses and a new opportunity for delaying the readjustment of farm valuations to farm earnings.

At bottom, the salvation of the working farmers lies in getting them to realize that hereafter, in most regions, work rather than rising land values must be relied on for profit in agriculture. Their future lies with labor income rather than with unearned increment. General appreciation of that truth would restrain competitive bidding for land, and help to prevent landlords and mortgagees from grabbing too big a share of the national farm income. A complete cure would necessitate "repealing" Ricardo's law of rent. That, of course, is impossible; but it is not impossible to prevent extortion from going to extreme lengths. It is always wise and practicable not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.

An ideal solution of the farm problem would establish a perfect identity between the agricultural capitalist and the farm operator. Under our property system, that is inconceivable. The next best thing is a fair division of farm earnings among the legitimate claimants. Generally, the income must be split three ways—one part to the owner of the borrowed land and capital employed in the farm business, one part to the capital owned by the farm operator himself, and one part to the farm operator as a reward for his labor and management. The last part should be recognized as a prior charge on the earnings, and should be paid at a rate at least equal to the earnings of other skilled workers. What is left should be divided between the outside and the farmer-owned capital in proportion to the amount of each. That would be really to stabilize agriculture. But unless the farmers wake up to the fact that their relationship to their job is coming to rest on a labor basis rather than on a property basis, they will let themselves in for another trimming as soon as the stage can be set for it.

ARTHUR P. CHEW.

What is a Scientific Tariff?

THE present Tariff Commission was set up under a law of 1916, which was amended in 1922. So far as the wording of the Acts goes, the principles involved were not changed. It was vaguely thought that there might be devised a more "scientific" way of fixing schedules and, equally vaguely, that comparative costs of production would always be the criteria used for their construction. This is not "free trade" nor is it "protection." But its application would presumably permit American industries to compete on a basis of substantial equality with foreign ones. It was to the immense task of determining these comparative costs that the expert activities of the Commission were to be directed.

It is perfectly clear, now, that the Commission has been sabotaged; but what is likely to be forgotten is that the Commissioners are not the experts who do the work; and, in spite of all difficulties, enough data have been gathered, by less glorified but better qualified subordinates, to suggest some generalizations regarding the validity of this accepted theory. It appears, for instance, that technical difficulties, not anticipated by the adherents of the equalization principle, make it quite impossible to do more than to guess, more or less shrewdly, at our American costs. The difficulties of determining foreign ones are necessarily much greater. Consider, for instance, the experience of the Sugar Division, and abstract from that the single problem of deciding what year, or years, should be studied for the determining of costs. Joshua Bernhardt, chief of the Sugar Division during the investigation, wrote in the American Economic Review, March, 1926: "In a year when the market price of a commodity is relatively low and profits are small, certain items of expenditure, repairs, and maintenance of outlays, for example, are reduced to a minimum. Such reduction of expenditure is compensated for in the following year if prices are higher. In a commodity such as sugar, in which the expenditure for raw material constitutes the largest single item in the cost of production, the use of a single year's cost records becomes an absurdity."

It must be concluded that basing decisions on one year's statistics is out of the question. But on the other hand, administrative difficulties in securing sufficiently complete cost records over more than five or six years are equally prohibitive. Even if several years are used as a basis, difficulties still remain. As everyone knows, the cost per bushel or per pound of any crop depends largely upon the bounteousness of nature. It is not uncommon for variations of 20 to 25 percent to occur, even when acreage and expenditures are unchanged. How can one say *in advance* what is the cost of any commodity, even given complete data? This is less true of manufactured goods. But in that case there enter the difficulties of obtaining reliable cost-data from reluctant and traditionally secretive foreign firms. The inquisitiveness of the Commission's foreign agents nearly caused a diplomatic incident in France, two years ago.

Since it is so characteristic, the difficulties of the sugar investigation may be pursued a little further. Mr. Bern-

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hardt summarizes one phase of the difficulties met by his division:

> In Louisiana the sugar-cane growers divide their cane acreage into approximately three parts, one part of which is devoted to plant cane, another to stubble cane, and the remainder to restorative crops (mainly cow peas and corn). The expenses incurred in any one crop for preparing and planting or for the restorative crops are not chargeable entirely to the sugar produced in that year but in definite proportions to the sugar produced from the plant and stubble cane, respectively, over a period of three years. The books of most of the companies, however, do not show such exact allocations of expenditures for each fiscal year. A similar situation prevails in Cuba and Porto Rico. In Hawaii, it generally takes eighteen months from date of planting to the first harvest, and the first ratoons may be cultivated for a year or two years before cutting. Ordinarily in Hawaii cane is seldom grown beyond the second ratoon, although there are some plantations that have six or more ratoons upon certain fields.

The specific difficulties arising from these complicated calculations caused Mr. Thomas Walker Page ("Making the Tariff in the United States") to doubt the value of the whole procedure:

> Consider, for example, what would have happened in the case of sugar if the rates on raw sugar had been adjusted to the difference between the cost of producing sugar in Cuba and in Louisiana during the recent years for which the Tariff Commission has computed costs. Comparing in each case the Louisiana crop with the following Cuban crop, the difference expressed in cents per pound would have been for 1919-1920, 6.588; in the following year, 6.269; for 1921-1922 it was 1.806; for 1922-1923, 1.246. For the crops of 1923-1924 the costs have not yet been computed, and it would, therefore, be impossible to forecast what rate would be necessary to "equalize" them. Such figures make the proposal of a flexible tariff an offense to sound principles of business and an insult to common sense.

These are practical difficulties. Though they seem, in many instance, almost insuperable, they might lead, at least, to shrewd guessing by the Commission, and to tariffs guided by some semblance of knowledge of their probable effects. A more serious question arises concerning the whole theory of competitive costs as a tariff principle. The theory rests squarely upon the assumption that *laissez-faire* is to be maintained. It defines only the levels of competition. It assumes no new motivation, no more careful direction of industrial processes. If the general tendency toward the abrogation of the competitive system proceeds, this principle will also have to be abandoned. We may, in time, come to the consideration of the kind of a tariff structure which would contribute most to the general good—specifically, to the maintenance of a standard of living conceived in American terms. In the coming years we shall doubtless see a good deal of exploration in this field, bent toward defining the kind of duties which will have relevancy to the rest of our industrial program, and will bear some complementary relationship to the other controls of government over business. A good deal will depend upon what is decided in this general field. As Mr. E. P. Costigan, who recently resigned from the Tariff Commission, remarked, the Coolidge treatment of the Tariff Commission may fairly be said to be a consistent part of Republican policy. The Federal Trade Commission has suffered quite as severely.

It is, perhaps, unlikely that exploratory activities may begin in the presidential campaign of this year. The Democrats, unless Governor Smith should carry his party an unexpected distance toward acceptance of strengthened federal powers, will not formulate a program for industrial control which looks further than a more honest administration of the Wilsonian instruments for preserving competition. To be sure, that would be something, but it would not be enough for the new age. And it would involve, so far as the tariffs go, an acceptance of the unpractical comparative-costs theory. "Free trade," as such, is no longer even a Democratic slogan.

Assuming that all the recommendations of the Commission had become law, only a few sugar, linseed oil and other manufacturers would have suffered, and that not unbearably; and the public would not be notably better off. Assuming, even, that a better and freer Commission had been sufficiently expert to fix tariffs at the equalized levels, nothing much would be changed. No real surgery would have been done. How far we are from genuine recognition of the formative forces in American life can only be tested by specific criteria. What industries do we care enough about so that we are willing to pay more for their products than they would cost if we imported them? Are we sufficiently interested in farming as a way of life to enhance its qualities by protection from foreign products? Do we want to admit goods from nations whose living standards are as low as those of Japan, Italy, or the Balkans? These and similar questions are the genuine tariff issues. But wishing for their discussion will not produce it. Mr. Hoover will not dare be unorthodox. A hope remains that Governor Smith will discover the demise of *laissez-faire* and assist not only at its obsequies, but at the assumption of federal planning and control.

R. G. TUGWELL.

On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven

Sweet sounds, oh, beautiful music, do not cease!
Reject me not into the world again.
With you alone is excellence and peace,
Mankind made plausible, his purpose plain.
Enchanted in your air benign and shrewd,
With limbs a-sprawl and empty faces pale,
The spiteful and the stingy and the rude
Sleep like the scullions in the fairy-tale.
This moment is the best the world can give:
The tranquil blossom on the tortured stem.
Reject me not, sweet sounds! oh, let me live,
Till Doom espy my towers and scatter them,
A city spell-bound under the ageing sun.
Music my rampart, and my only one.

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY.

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Washington Notes

DEEPLY as I deplore crabbing a good show, my considered conviction is that the great Mid-West political drama entitled "The Enraged Farmer and the Cruel Elephant," due to open at Kansas City next week, will not be the hit anticipated by its authors, actors, advertising managers and financial angels. It will not sweep the great Kansas City audience of hard-boiled Republican delegates off their large, flat feet. It will not take the Republican party by storm. It will not, I'm afraid, quite be up to the purple and gold advance notices. This is not at all to say that it will not be an impressive and enthusiastic performance, with terrific beatings of the drums and clashing of the agricultural and political cymbals. It will be all of that and more. It will be violent, vituperative, unseemly and upsetting, but it will not have a long run and it will not get the anticipated or desired results—that is, if the desired results are the nomination of a candidate who favors the McNary-Haugen farm-relief bill and the adoption of a plank endorsing the equalization fee, to which every McNary-Haugenite is tightly tied. There is not a chance. It is, I admit, barely possible that they may kick up such a clatter as to cause the scheduled nomination of Herbert to be dislocated, postponed or abandoned; but I doubt it. The logic is against it. Of course, the Mellon-Coolidge support may weaken at the last moment, and the gang of political and professional farm "relievers," aided and abetted by the President of the Pennsylvania Railroad and certain Wall Street interests represented by the soulful Mr. Hilles, may bash in poor Herbert's supposedly soft political head. Such is the dope handed out around Washington, following the adjournment of Congress and as the talent makes ready to start for the Kansas City battle ground.

Any betting man, however, would give odds the other way. Those odds would be based on two obvious facts. First, Herbert has, on his own hook, double the number of pledged and committed delegates the anti-Hoover combination can muster (within eighty of the requisite majority). Second, the situation created by Mr. Coolidge's unprecedentedly passionate veto of the McNary-Haugen Bill so definitely and deeply draws the line that the necessary administration support of Hoover becomes, in the judgment of the judicious, copper-riveted. From the start he has been its clearly indicated choice, but the McNary-Haugen developments make his hold stronger, his position as the administration candidate more unassailable. As for the Corn Belt opposition to Herbert's nomination, which will be expressed in the staging of the before-mentioned drama, the genuinely informed and calmer of the politicians tell me the facts are that the farmers themselves are in a far less disturbed state, economically and politically, than they were in 1924. Individually they are not in as rebellious a state of mind as they were then, but the "revolt" movement is infinitely better organized, manipulated and financed.

For one thing, there is a more formidable political combination behind it now than then. Lowden, Dawes, Curtis and Watson are unquestionably more effective in a pre-convention contest than was the late Robert M. La Follette. Mr. Peek, who was denounced not long ago on the Senate floor as Mr. Dawes' campaign manager, is a better professional leader than the farm organizations have heretofore had. As a political stage manager, he knows more tricks. He can make more and worse faces at Senators and Representatives than any of his predecessors. He has done the thing better this time than before, and with less to go on. Of course, he had one great advantage. In 1924, Mr. Coolidge in the White House was a candidate for renomination, and the complete futility of opposing his renomination was apparent. It is axiomatic that any President desiring a second term can completely control the national convention of his party. This time the fight was more open from the start. There was a better chance for all presidential aspirants.

To get down to hard facts: while there is no doubt about the reality of the farmer's grievance and no question of his need for legislation, nor of the justice of his claims to national consideration and attention, it is none the less true that more than half of the proposed demonstration in his behalf is pumped-up and political and that a considerable proportion of his so-called friends are playing it both ways from the middle. For example, take the case of Senator Curtis of Kansas, one of whose presidential qualifications, according to his Emporia friend, William Allen White, is that he "plays a cool game of poker."

Senator Curtis, who is the dean of all past as well as present presidential aspirants, first voted for the McNary-Haugen Bill, then voted to sustain the presidential veto, and now shows up with his campaign manager a member of the committee on arrangements for the "march" of the enraged farmers on Kansas City. In other words, Senator Curtis has been both with the McNary-Haugen fellows and against them, and, at different times, with Mr. Coolidge and against him, facts which, while not what could be fairly termed high-minded and sincere, are unquestionably typical of farm-bloc politicians. The truth is that only an exceedingly small number of these McNary-Haugen advocates, in and out of Congress, understand what this grand bill they bawl for is all about, and even fewer of these hard-working Washington correspondents who write so earnestly about its economic soundness or unsoundness understand it. There is a dreadful lot of bunk about the whole business.

Before closing this piece, I want to repeat my previously expressed belief that either a few days before the convention or at some well selected moment after it gets started, another declaration on the subject of his withdrawal as a candidate will come from Mr. Coolidge—and this time, I think, he will definitely close the crack in the door. He may send this word out by Mr. Mellon or Mr. Butler, or he may make it to the "boys of the press" at one of the bi-weekly "conferences" as they are curiously called, but the belief of those closest to him and most concerned is that one way or another it will be done. They are convinced that he is not going to let his name be used in the convention for the purpose of defeating Hoover, which is the only reason it is proposed to use it. Quite clearly, even if he wanted it, Mr. Coolidge could not get the

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nomination himself with any degree of unanimity, or in any way not degrading. The most probable result of a deadlock under which the Hoover forces would disintegrate, would be the nomination of Lowden. Neither he nor Mr. Mellon wants that—though Mr. Atterbury does.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Grand Street Follies

The Grand Street Follies of 1928. Book and lyrics by Agnes Morgan, music by Max Ewing, Lily Hyland and Serge Walter, settings and costumes by Aline Bernstein. Booth Theater, May 28, 1928.

Diplomacy, by Victorien Sardou. Erlanger's Theater, May 28, 1928.

YOU wonder, seeing the Grand Street Follies every year at this season, if they could not become an institution that would run the year round. That would mean a sort of Aristophanic circle, whose business it would be to satirize the current theater and whatever events and headline preoccupations might be at the moment absorbing the public intellect. The addition of two or three maturer artists among the men would help; and, for some tastes, more of rank pulchritude among the chorus ladies would forward the general appeal of the production; but otherwise it seems ready for this longer and loftier career.

Certainly in this number of the Grand Street Follies the season is reflected. Comparing it with the bill of three years ago, we see how the elements now involved include less about scenery, dramatic criticism or music—and that is a true reflection. Three years ago there was still the excitement from certain daring settings—there was Mr. Robert Edmond Jones' brilliant "Macbeth" for one instance, or his "Hamlet," to be parodied, and who will forget that ladder mounting into space, those mounds, those planes of madness in the Shakespeare number to be seen in Grand Street then? Three years ago the air was charged with more theory than now, with more experiment in theatrical ideas; the question of dramatic criticism was more alive; and the shock of certain composers and their music was keener and more provocative. The Grand Street Follies duly recorded these tremors in the ground of culture. But this year the Follies stick closer to straight parody and to the impersonation of individuals. The settings strive mostly to be expert and diverting for their own sakes. And the ensembles and individual performances seem more certain and sure of themselves as such.

The political number, about oil and Teapot Dome this time, comes off only partly. American audiences are not political-minded beyond the daily headlines, and only a longer number, a whole evening perhaps, in which they could see happening what the number satirizes, would reach them or bring home the point intended. The election number, with a parody of the woman-and-her-three-men scene in "Strange Interlude," is promising, but eventually it rather misses. Some of the dances need cutting down, and some cutting out, especially those in the Spanish direction, which are for the most part sadly off the beat; and the musical version of "Coquette" needs to be sharpened up. But the main body of the Follies this year seemed to me highly entertaining. Nowhere in previous bills have there been such impersonations as Miss Dorothy Sands' Haidee Wright and Mr. Albert Carroll's Laurette Taylor; and that starry Porgy number, with its black-face and shadows, its Diamond Lil swan bed, its singing, and the death-bed dance of the forsaken black Camille, the heroine—thanks to Miss Paula Trueman—seemed to me more amusing and rich in tone, and full of pantomimic comedy than any number in the past.

There was one number about the Vitaphone that had something of the character of certain playlets in "Charlot's Revue," and went off every bit as well. Of the dances, the best, I thought, were those of Mr. James Cagney and the very smart little grotesque that Miss Paula Trueman created when she came down off her golden throne in the parody of "Marco Millions." Miss Mae Noble, all through the various moments that came to her, from the princess' lady and the choruses to the charwoman and the East-Sider, was capital—a real comic gift, without a blank.

Mr. Albert Carroll's impersonations, by now made famous over the town through his Sunday evening recitals, came off with somewhat astounding success. To the first of them, Miss Mary Nash might wisely come from "The Command to Love" and study for better movement and more design. The double impersonation of Mrs. Fiske and Miss Ethel Barrymore in Mistress Ford and Mistress Page, one profile and one side of the costume showing one actress, the other the other, was even better. The Mayor Walker was less of a success; but the Laurette Taylor caught profoundly and deliciously the figure, the strange woven movements like a white seal in the moonlight, and—what was more remarkable—the mental background of the rhythm and mannerisms of the actress, the emotional phrasing. The sum of that impersonation was all brilliant wit.

Miss Dorothy Sands' entrance and the first part of her Ina Claire was as smart as could be. Her Mae West has made a fine beginning, but it needs stressing and elaborating. As a problem in impersonation it has endless hurdles, the chief being the timing. If you went as slowly as Miss West, you would take up the whole number before you got started. And yet Miss Sands needs to put it on thicker, for the deliberation, the walk, the endless flowing rhythms through the body all over, the low, carrying, deliberate voice, the silky brilliantined Lillian Russell wig. The Haidee Wright got applause before the impersonator emerged from the wings, so incredibly like was the voice and the strange, fantastic, grave rhythm. The number itself turned out to be Miss Wright in the sleep-walking scene from "Macbeth." In that Miss Dorothy Sands rose to such skill and imagination as carried burlesque upward to a kind of tragic farce, and wit to inspiration.

Diplomacy

The all-star revival of "Diplomacy," now at last arrived in town, affords a melancholy reflection on one of our national fancies. The de luxe of this production belongs to the class of some of our hotels and apartment houses. Real luxury requires taste, choiceness, finish, knowledge

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of what is perfect, rich and rare. Mere complications and pseudo-richness, at a heralded cost that implies the real thing, is only naïve and vulgar. If this company in "Diplomacy" is a company of stars—the less said the better.

There is but one thing, even granted a company more apt in such a play—shall we say more apt in most plays?—that could save the situation. Here we have an old drama, *vieux jeu* in kind, a technique rather outworn and long since smartly mastered by Broadway craftsmen, a situation somewhat arrantly pre-war, and a group of characters that are to be taken as chic Continentals at Monte Carlo and in Paris. In the lobby of the theater there is shown the program of the first American production of this play of Sardou's, in 1878, with photographs of the players in it. The only hope at this date would have been to costume "Diplomacy" in its own period. This would have saved somewhat the time-worn edges of the piece itself, though it is fair enough drama in its way. But, what is more important, period costume would have given at least a certain air of painfully needed style to the actors and to the whole milieu represented.

As the production stands now, the settings have nothing of the de luxe assumed with regard to the company, and the company lined up for a curtain bow is mussier looking than the background. However effective these actors may have been, some of them, in naturalistic, native bits or otherwise, in other works, they suggest none of Sardou's world of form and but little of the *soigné* world that we are asked to believe is theirs. Mr. William Faversham and Miss Helen Gahagan alone are dressed with any air of this elegant *monde*. Mr. Ben-Ami and Miss Gahagan alone seem capable of any convincing emotion where Sardou's crafty palette requires it.

It is better, on the whole, to turn your attention to the new decorations of the theater. The *sanguine* color striven for is missed, but the baroque intention is to be applauded, and some of the ceiling decoration and lighting designs come off modestly well. STARK YOUNG.

A Simple Story

(With a grateful nod to Archibald Marshall)

WELL once there was a Mayor of New York City and his name was Jimmy Walker and he worked so hard at his job that all the taxpayers came to the City Hall and said Jimmy you need a rest. So then he said not at all my dear people and there are really quite a lot of things to attend to here, but if you insist perhaps I might just dash over to England Ireland France Germany and Italy and have a look at their housing conditions and the transit situation. And the taxpayers said attaboy Jimmy, and one little bootblack named Heffelfinger added you always were a wisecracker. And Jimmy Walker blushed at this tribute but he thought he had better save his remarks for the foreign notables so he made no reply.

Well at last everything was arranged and he got some very nice people to go with him and he took his wife too because after all he was married. So all the taxpayers came down to the dock to see him off but unfortunately the boat sailed at midnight, so just to be obliging Jimmy Walker had his picture taken as if he was waving goodbye. And everybody felt rather cynical at this because a lot of the taxpayers who had not been able to get down to see him off would see the picture in the papers next morning and be fooled. But that is what life is like in New York and the taxpayers who were waving goodbye just nudged each other and said after all we are not hicks.

So then the boat sailed and some of Jimmy Walker's friends were worried about his getting sea-sick because he was not a very good sailor. But he surprised everybody and ate quite a lot and always dressed for dinner because he was very particular about his clothes. And Jimmy Walker was quite popular with the people on the ship and they said my, he is democratic isn't he, and the ones who knew about Fourteenth Street said Charles Francis Murphy is dead.

Well finally the boat got across the ocean all right because the captain was quite good at navigation and he had been doing it for years. And one morning when Jimmy Walker was still asleep who should come aboard but the Mayor of Cherbourg. So they said we are sorry but Mayor Walker is still in his pajamas and the Mayor of Cherbourg said well I don't mind I prefer the good old-fashioned night-shirt myself but lots of my friends wear them nowadays and I know that Mayor Walker is a snappy dresser. So the Mayor of Cherbourg went into Jimmy Walker's cabin and they shook hands and said the speeches which they had made up, and Jimmy Walker would have been at a disadvantage because he was so sleepy if it hadn't been for his wisecracking.

Well pretty soon after that they got to England and went up to London to see the Lord Mayor but he was out. But one of the Aldermen put on his fur robe and a gold chain and he did just as well. And they told Jimmy Walker that he could sit in the Lord Mayor's chair and Mrs. Walker could sit in the other and they would have their pictures taken, so they did. And they had lots of other adventures such as the Tower of London and the Guild Hall and commenting on the weather. And once when they went to a cabaret the orchestra tried to play a song Jimmy Walker had written which was what they call a wow but the orchestra played it so badly it sounded more like what they call a flop, so Jimmy Walker said heavens they're murdering the piece and he played it for them. And all the time he wasn't making speeches and having his picture taken he was worrying about housing conditions and the transit situation.

Well after a while they had to go on to Ireland because Jimmy Walker's father had been born there and he wanted to tell the Irish people that it was his great privilege to be a symbol of the land of opportunity. So everywhere he went he was very popular and people had never seen anyone dressed quite like that before. So a singer named John McCormack invited them to come to dinner at his house and they did but they were two hours late because a Duke had insisted on their stopping at his castle and then the chauffeur was very absent-minded and drove them twenty miles out of their way, and besides you know what Dukes are. But Mrs. McCormack said it really didn't matter because she understood the Irish

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temperament very well and she sent out for some hot soup.

Well after that they went to Germany and they liked that too but Jimmy Walker couldn't speak the language so he had to point. And all the time he was worrying about housing conditions and the transit situation but it was harder because it was in a foreign language. So then they went on to Venice because by this time Jimmy Walker had had his picture taken so often and had eaten so many dinners that he felt quite nervous and upset and he said I think the Lido would be nice. And as for housing conditions they can all sleep on the beach and the transit situation is nothing but gondolas. And everybody at the Lido was dressed in pajamas which is not such a bad idea when you come to think of it, but Jimmy Walker said he would not wear pajamas, if you ask me I think he was brooding on what the Mayor of Cherbourg had said.

So then they went to Rome and saw the Pope and the Pope's valet told Jimmy Walker what kind of clothes to put on for the occasion and he didn't much like being told what to wear but he did it anyhow with a good grace and he said well when in Rome do as the Romans do. He made some other bon mots and everyone was very much pleased but this is the best one I can remember. And then they went to see Mussolini and Mussolini glared but Jimmy Walker just smiled to show that he wasn't scared and they got along beautifully. Well then they went to Paris and there they had some more adventures such as staying at the Crillon and the Arc de Triomphe and the American Legion Parade. And it was all very exciting but rather tiring especially the worrying about housing conditions and the transit situation and so they were very glad when it was time to go home again.

Well finally they got back to New York and a man named Grover Whalen who was a very hospitable fellow was very anxious to give a big reception and blow a lot of whistles and have the firemen parade, but Jimmy Walker modestly said no I am only a tired Mayor coming back from six weeks' investigation of housing conditions and the transit situation. So they didn't have a big reception but they made quite a lot of noise just the same.

Well when they were all safely home again Jimmy Walker was very much relieved and he said well I am glad to be home again and rid of all those responsibilities, but some of his friends came to him and they said look here Jimmy, some of the taxpayers have been saying that you're just a musical-comedy Mayor and you go away on vacations all the time and we think it would be a good idea if somebody wrote a book about your trip and explained how much you worried about housing conditions and the transit situation and then maybe they would know better. And Jimmy said I think that would be a good idea and I'll get one of the nice people who went with me to write the book and he can put in some historical facts out of Baedeker and I think it would be a good idea if Hector Fuller wrote it, he looks like an author anyway. So Hector Fuller wrote the book ("Abroad with Mayor Walker." New York: Shields Publishing Company) and that's where I got this story, only some of the best bits I put in myself because it's that kind of a book.

T. S. MATTHEWS.

"The End of St. Petersburg"

The End of St. Petersburg, a Sovkino film, directed by W. J. Pudowkin. Hammerstein's Theater.

AFTER "Potemkin," any film produced by the Russians leads one to expect not only an absorbing human document, but a technical skill, in photography and in choice of actors, which can give pointers to even the very best that has been done in America or Germany. And "The End of St. Petersburg," directed by Pudowkin, one of Eisenstein's assistants in the making of "Potemkin," is no disappointment. As a whole, it is inferior in restraint and simplicity to "Potemkin," and there is no single shot in it as excitingly beautiful as the picture of the funeral launch as it left the cruiser's side, but the first third of it is even better; the photography, though more confused in sequence, is uncannily varied and original, and the faces of the men who act in it are faces one can never forget.

"The End of St. Petersburg" is the story of a few imaginary but typical people against the background of the War and the February revolution. The action stops with the coming of the Bolsheviks to power in October, 1917. A film, as far as the public events are concerned, of high spots, of restless fragments thrown together with staccato vividness. The story of those days is by now so familiar to every Russian that the film, to outsiders, must often seem a little incoherent. Against the flashes of the guns, the assaults by night, the nightmare darkness and splendor of St. Petersburg, moves forward the story of a peasant, a worker and his wife. The first part of this story is told with a somber and vigorous imagination which make it the best short story we have ever seen on the screen; the latter part of it frequently disintegrates into melodrama and sentimental slop.

A Russian countryside: bare fields, windmills and woolly clouds. A brief shot of the black wings of the mill; merely the fan tips of the wings, walking inexorably up and down the sky. Two peasants eating by the side of a field. They are not movie actors, nor yet real peasants; their faces are shrewd, dogged, patient, weatherbeaten, and perfectly unself-conscious. Notice the young peasant, the tall one—he is the hero of our story, the possessor of one of the most truly expressive faces on the stage or the screen, and so remarkable an actor that he never once, throughout the film, betrays the inscrutable human race in order to show that he knows he is an actor. The actor's name is Alexis Davor.

Death in the family. The peasant leaves his long hopeless furrow, and with his mother goes to St. Petersburg to find work. Shots of imperial façades, and emperors on horseback. Other shots of the Lebedev munitions factory, with sullen, life-bitten faces grimacing as the molten steel pours out. The camera is not chained to the earth, it is a wizard of solid geometry, it shoots from all sorts of strange levels and undiscovered angles, and its exploring eye, looking now from below, now from the side, now from incredible and dizzy heights above, gives us a reality that is all solid and never flat.

The two peasants look up relatives who live in a gloomy

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basement in the corner of a vast tenement courtyard. They are not welcome. The little girl cries as she eats potatoes, nothing but potatoes, the mother's angry, tragic face tells them to go back to their village. The two peasants sit on a bench, silent, motionless, waiting for the husband. Never have we seen screen faces which looked less as if they were being filmed. The camera here seems to be eavesdropping on the long secrets of patience.

The husband comes in from his work in the munitions factory. Three men are with him. Conspirators, the strike committee, the bitter, resolute vanguard of the October revolution. This scene in the dim, naked basement, with those iron faces grouped about a table, talking with an almost motionless calm intensity, is probably the finest moving-picture sequence we have ever seen. The rich severity of the composition, the natural, unforgettable faces, are like some old master's painting, an old master who understood, besides the simplicity of art, the desperate heart of social revolution.

A strike is called. The peasant, hungry and bewildered, joins the shuffling mob of strike-breakers. The handling of the mobs here is extraordinarily well done. The peasant starts talking, betrays his kinsman, is whisked off by half a dozen policemen to the basement, where the kinsman is found and arrested. The manager of the factory gives him a rouble. For five minutes he stands about, like a lost animal, not understanding what he has done. He tries to give the rouble to the starving wife, she throws it back at him. Later he bursts into the Lebedev office, wrecks it, and nearly kills the manager and the big boss himself. At the end, of course (but why of course? we expected better of a Russian film), the peasant makes good as a revolutionary soldier, and his wounds are washed by the wife of the man he once betrayed. . . .

There are innumerable incidents, pictures and bits of photography one would like to talk about—the acidly humorous and ironical shots of the crowd gone mad at the declaration of war, the ride of the manager and his boss in the elevator, the extremely amusing bit with the pickpocket, the stock exchange, the flashes of the city by night—but none to compare with the faces, and with the expressions of the faces which come upon them through natural gifts or a direction that amounts to genius.

A great source of this remarkable film's strength and originality, apart from the choice of the faces themselves, lies in the rediscovery of a secret which our film directors are always forgetting—the power of a human face to express all sorts of things if allowed to hold the expression a little longer than the dynamic idiocy of film traditions usually thinks proper for consumption by other human beings.

ROBERT LITTELL.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Standard for Visual Art

SIR: Artists have lost a part of recent years in demonstrating in paint the futility of ideas which seemed sound in print. To avoid such waste and to oppose the tendency on the part of the public to "look at pictures with their ears," using verbal argument to guide judgment, artists are being forced to become articulate. I hope the profession will find a way to give the public, not the gropings of individuals, but the carefully ascertained conclusions of the profession as a whole. Meanwhile, we are reduced to heckling.

I find myself usually, and sometimes enthusiastically, in agreement with what Mr. Lewis Mumford writes. A few things have appeared to me inconsistent in themselves and contrary to the general direction of his thought. "Water mains, sewer mains, metalled roads, transportation facilities, heating systems and lighting units" form a net-work like those within the human body; but like these they are almost entirely invisible. How, and why, may they suggest a standard for visual art? "There are [as he says] essential designs of lighting fixtures as well as lights"; but plastic art will have no more to do with the one than it has had with the other. A tennis racket has been given as an example of real modern art. Were, however, any changes that decreased its efficiency made in it for esthetic reasons, it would exist no longer as a tennis racket for players, and were it improved, utility, not art, would get the credit. Plastic art cannot exist without plasticity. Limit the artist or architect to forms suggested by function and he will put a crimp in function, or he will make forms which seem derived from function, but which result from his esthetic intention. Mr. Mumford points out this danger, but he fails to see in it the almost inevitable effect of asking plastic art to produce what we call functional or machine beauty instead of being content with the authentic article which is a by-product of good engineering.

Homer abounds in expressions which show the admiration of his time for polished stone, wood, and metals. Do we think our bathrooms beautiful because of an intuition of "significant form" or because we like the surface of porcelain and the glitter of the shamelessly thin coating of nickel we put on our brass fixtures? These matters have not been examined, as yet, in the way required by modern methods of investigation.

Woodstock, N. Y. ORVILLE H. PEETS.

Where It Should Begin

SIR: It is a fine optimism which leads Stanley High to look for a revolution in missions. Yet my own observations of church life in Europe lead me to think that much remains to be done. At Upsala I had the pleasure of meeting Archbishop Soederblom. In the Cathedral he pointed out a wrought-iron lamp, a votive gift from the King of Abyssinia. The King said he gave it out of gratitude for the work of Swedish missionaries in Abyssinia. Never had they attempted to make converts, but by education and religious training they had tried to make the people better Christians and thus more loyal members of the existing Church. Archbishop Soederblom spoke of the hope that the Swedish Church might make a real contribution to the cause of Christian unity, and of the way in which he and his people are striving to promote that ideal. Yet his country, in which 99 percent of the population belongs to the National Church, is considered a foreign missionary field by some of the Anglo-Saxon denominations.

There is another side to the picture. Only the other day the Moderator of the Synod of Berlin appealed to the leaders of the Presbyterian Church for advice on a critical situation which had arisen in the German Church. That advice was given with the assurance that American Christians desire only that the Churches of Europe continue to flourish and prosper.

The revolution in missions has much to accomplish, and it can begin by having the American Churches enter into full coöperation with their sister Churches on the continent of Europe.

Cambridge, Mass. HERMANN S. FICKE.

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Support for War Outlawry

SIR: Your readers may be interested in knowing of a meeting of the Social Welfare Department of the Wesleyan Methodist Church of Great Britain at Westminster on April 19, 1928, which, on the motion of its General Secretary, the Rev. Henry Carter, unanimously adopted the following resolution *re* the American proposal for the renunciation of war:

> The Social Welfare Department of the Wesleyan Methodist Church records its warm appreciation of the invitation of the government of the United States to the British government and to the governments of the other great powers to join in a common renunciation of war as an instrument of policy in their relations with one another. The committee recognizes with gratitude that this challenging proposal to the conscience of the nations is in complete harmony with the teaching and claims of the Christian faith, and accordingly appeals to all who own allegiance to Christ as the Prince of Peace to give active support to this project for the outlawry of war.

HARRY F. WARD.
Secretary, The Methodist Federation for Social Service.

New York City.

The Ministry and the Oil Scandals

SIR: I wish to commend you for the editorial, "Are Oil Men Citizens?" in the New Republic of May 9, and for the fearless stand you have taken at other times against the bankruptcy of public and private honesty. Such an editorial should raise the ire of every minister of the Gospel and bring forth such a protest against, and such a denunciation of, the objectionable policies which Colonel Stewart has manifested in this instance, that it would be a life-long lesson in morality for the youth of today. But will the ministers rise to the occasion? I don't believe they will.

Why are ministers silent in the face of such injustice and moral degradation? In many cases they are afraid of the men higher up; in other cases they want to appear to the public as particular friends of the "400." They would rather see injustice conquer than to fight it. Is it not the prevalence of such attitudes that has cost the minister of the Gospel the loss of moral leadership?

Waco, Tex. CLARENCE CHANDLER.

The H. C. of Babies

SIR: Your article on "Babies: First Cost and Upkeep" touches on two sore spots in our world today. Hospital and doctors' fees on the one hand, and the lack of backbone in the present generation. Twenty-five years ago the usual price for a child-birth case was twenty-five dollars, even less in the country—fifteen years ago, when my first arrived, the usual fee was fifty dollars. Today doctors charge as much as the case will stand. Specialists get from two hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars for the offspring of bank clerks, etc., plus hospital, fifty dollars a week upwards, and special nurses often at seven dollars a day. . . .

As for "Alan Hershey's" problem, it is obvious to me that he married before he was ready to assume such responsibility. He evidently did not have enough capital saved to start the business. His running expenses are too high. . . .

"Alan Hershey" would better buckle down to increasing his income, or reducing expenses, and postponing new babies until he is ready for them.

Venice, Cal. F. K. WALDO.

Red Tape, British and American

SIR: It is so easy to find fault with our government that I am always on the watch for evidence of efficiency on the part of any of its departments. Here is a case. Some time back I had occasion to communicate with two young men whom I had lost connection with for several years. It was possible that the first had served in the American Army during the late War, and the other, I knew, had served several years in the British army. I wrote to Washington and London. Almost immediately from our War Department I received the full address I wanted and tonight a letter came to me from the man himself. In the same mail, I received from London a series of papers, including a request for any number of matters of information concerning the man which the Under-Secretary of State seems to need before he can render me any assistance. If I knew all they want me to know, I should probably be able to secure the needed address without their help.

This reminds me of my experience with a subscription to a prominent and valued English journal. Evidently it had not occurred to the publishers to use American methods in their New York office, so that after two or three experiences in trying to put through a change of address, which the New Republic manages each year without any effort, I was obliged to give up the English paper because I could not afford the time and energy this adjustment required with the methods used by them.

Boxford, Mass. FRANK A. MANNY.

The College and the Power Trust

SIR: May I ask has any punishment been meted out to any of the professors who have received money from the Power Trust to write textbooks, or to teach that public utilities should be run by private enterprise in these United States? I have not as yet heard that the resignation of any of these men has been requested, but perhaps I merely have not been informed. I do know, however, that one college very recently sold some of its bonds and purchased the bonds of two Southern power companies. Many thousands of dollars are now thus invested. I wonder if this is taking place at many other institutions of learning. I wonder, also, if a college which has invested a large part of its endowment in bonds of the Power Trust will mind very much if its faculty misquotes the result of the Canada experiment in governmental ownership, or accepts payment from the Trust to see that the young mind is bent the way it should go!

New York City. ANNIE NATHAN MEYER.

Repeal the Wales Law!

SIR: Now that the Eugene O'Neill play, "Strange Interlude," has received the Pulitzer Prize, it is a fitting time to reëxamine its recent peril because of the Wales Theater Padlock Law.

Suppose the New York District Attorney, Mr. Banton, and his assistant, Mr. Wallace, had not been level-headed about "Strange Interlude." Suppose they had threatened to have it indicted and the owner of the theater had immediately dispossessed it because of fear of the Wales Law, and no other theater owner would allow it to be produced in his theater for the same reason. We should have had the ridiculous position of a play taking the Pulitzer Prize as the best play of the year, yet driven off the boards like "Maya," without being given its day in court.

The press of New York should demand a repeal of the Wales Theater Padlock Law. Its sole result is to intimidate theater owners, even where the producers are willing to stand up for a play and, if necessary, take the consequences. The law prevents any play from ever having its day in court, which is contrary to our entire Anglo-Saxon idea of justice and proper procedure.

New York City. HARRY WEINBERGER.

Burns Letters Wanted

SIR: May I ask the favor of space in your correspondence columns for the substance of the following?

I am engaged in preparing a complete text edition of the letters of Robert Burns, reëdited from the original manuscripts. I have collated more than two hundred letters in public and private collections in this country, but I am sure I have missed many others now in private hands.

If any owners of such letters will write to me, either at Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, Ohio, or in care of the Oxford University Press, 35 West Thirty-third Street, New York, I shall deeply appreciate it, and shall be glad to arrange to visit their collections. J. DELANCEY FERGUSON.

Ohio Wesleyan University, Delaware, O.

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The Holy War

England's Holy War, by Irene Cooper Willis. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 378 pages. $4.

THIS is a book which will give satisfaction to readers of many varieties of opinion. How often, in perusing the authorities which come to us daily, do we have an uneasy sense of having found precisely the opposite in the same authority a few days, or weeks, before; but unless we can give most of our time to clipping and filing and indexing, we must perforce accept our daily ration and suppress the qualms. Miss Willis has done in one case what we should all like to do in others. She has followed the chief representative of a single school in England through the years from July, 1914, to July, 1919, and plotted exactly the amazing curves which they described in the effort to assimilate the War and the Peace. Her three little books, "How We Went Into the War," "How We Got On With the War," and "How We Came Out of the War," were published respectively in England in 1919, 1920 and 1921. They are now published in one volume in America. The conclusion is obvious, that someone of equal acumen and tenacity should do the same job for the United States.

It was a crowning misfortune for liberalism in Great Britain and the United States that in both countries the governments which confronted the crisis were officially representative of the Liberal faith. In Great Britain the Asquith ministry had behind it nine years of distinguished service, and commanded the unswerving loyalty of the Liberal press. If there were occasional doubts and fears that the foreign policy of Sir Edward Grey was committing the country to obligations with respect to the Dual Alliance, they were set at rest by the unequivocal assertions of the Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary himself that no such obligations existed. When the Austrian ultimatum to Serbia and Russia's support of the latter brought Europe within sight of a general conflict, the Liberal organs of opinion unanimously and emphatically declared for neutrality. There was, indeed, a strong current of sympathy for Austria and Germany. The Daily Telegraph, in fact, explained lucidly that the martial superiority of Germany lay in the rapidity of her mobilization, and that she could not be expected to give away points to her northern rival. The responsibility of fighting for the neutrality of Belgium was considered and rejected. The Daily News declared on August 3: "We are under no obligation to defend against all and sundry the neutrality of Belgium by force of arms." The claims of honor were similarly repulsed by the Manchester Guardian in a leading article of moving eloquence—

> Whose honor? The honor of those who have led France to hope that we would undertake responsibilities which all the time they were anxious to conceal from Englishmen? If any have been guilty of that double perfidy to England and to France, not all the blood of every English soldier and sailor, not all the tears of widows and orphans could restore to them the honor which they have so shamelessly lost.

When at length the fateful die was cast and England was in the War, the Daily News put on record its conviction that "it would have been just and prudent and statesmanlike for England to have remained neutral," but it concluded with the slogan, "Being in, we must win." Then began the process of rationalization, that falsification of the whole situation, of which the world is still bearing the burden in the form of a depreciated moral currency, of uncancelled lies. Mr. A. G. Gardiner, in the Daily News, made the first sketch in lines which became familiar to us in America three years later: "We have no quarrel with the German people. . . . In this war, we are engaged in fighting for the emancipation of Germany as well as for the liberties of Europe." It was Mr. H. G. Wells, however, who produced the first fully enriched and highly colored picture of the Holy War against "all this monstrous stupid brood of villainy that has brought this catastrophe upon the world," a war from which he promised with unconscious irony that "we will come out . . . with hands as clean as they now are."

This myth of the Holy War, the war to end war, was, as Miss Willis points out, the immediate cause of the failure of Liberals to deal with the situation from point to point in a practical, realistic fashion. Their version of the War was cheerfully taken up by Tories and bitter-enders. If it were true, then the Liberals were committed to any and every means to win the War. They cautiously accepted the stories of atrocities, and Lord Bryce lent them the authority of his judicial character; they accepted the policy of blockade and the starvation of Germany—with embarrassment. Miss Willis gives an amusing instance of their dilemma. The Daily News exclaimed one morning: "It is a lie that England has driven her [Germany] to the submarine campaign by cutting off her food supplies and her supplies of raw material. . . . It is merely a pretext invented by Germany." On the opposite page there was a headline, "Germany Faced With Grim Spectre of Starvation: Food Riots in Berlin," etc. "The Grim Spectre of Starvation was in its proper place as an illustration of the triumph of the British navy; as an objection to that triumph it was regarded as mythical." The Liberals were further constrained to press, in welcome to the Crusade, the itching palm of Italy, to regret the failure of the sordid negotiation with Bulgaria, to view with complacency the coercion of Greece. They fought against conscription, partial and total. The Daily News lamented that Mr. Asquith was "outmaneuvered in this long and squalid battle"; and later it had to lament his fall from the premiership as the result of a long and squalid intrigue. Particularly difficult was the position of the Liberals with respect to Russia. At first, the Tsar was an incongruous member of the Crusade, and the Liberals resorted to "repression." "Russia figures virtually nowhere in our minds," said a writer in the Nation. "She is simply not in the picture." Naturally, the Russian revolution was greeted with unbridled enthusiasm. Now at last the holy family of Allies was complete. But when Russia failed to answer to the supreme test of the Holy War, to fight on for the destruction of Germany, she became an outcast.

The entrance of the United States into the War was a great encouragement to the English Liberals. President Wilson swallowed Mr. Wells' version of the War, as he would have said, hook, line and sinker. The English Liberals heard their old slogans, "the war to end war," "to make the world safe for democracy," etc., uttered by a new and powerful voice which renewed their faith in them. After the Russian revolution, however, the announcement of specific war aims became more urgent. The English Liberals may have taken alarm at the persistent

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indifference of America to this phase of the situation, but they were reassured by the declaration of the Fourteen Points in January, 1918, and they trusted Wilson. Even the terms of the pre-armistice agreement aroused no misgiving. "Germany must place herself irrevocably in the hands of the Allies. . . . It is undeniably a stern demand," wrote the Daily News, "but in consenting the German people are exposing themselves to no unknown and exorbitant demands by the Allies." This at the moment when Frederic Harrison, the octogenarian preacher of the religion of humanity, was clamoring for the occupation of Berlin, Cologne, Essen, Hamburg, the Kiel Canal, Budapest, Trieste and Constantinople before making peace.

The story of the Peace Conference is better known in this country than any other part of the War. American and English Liberals were alike slow to admit the extent of their deception. They apologized for the maintenance of the food blockade which added to the frightful toll of death all over Europe. "The Germans have in hand the bulk of the harvest," wrote the Manchester Guardian. "They ought to be able to sustain themselves without difficulty for a good many months." "If Germany escapes from her terrible destruction," wrote Mr. Frank H. Simonds, "she wins the War." Finally, the Daily News, the Manchester Guardian, the Nation and the Fight the Famine Council brought irrefutable evidence of the condition of Germany, but the actual permission to buy food was granted only when General Plumer assured Mr. Lloyd George that British soldiers could not stand the spectacle of the starving population. The final stage of the conference was impartially described by the Daily News as "a personal trial of strength between the French and British Prime Ministers, with the American President, repudiating everything for which he has hitherto stood, obstinately supporting M. Clemenceau against the amazing weakness of Mr. Lloyd George."

Miss Willis quotes Mr. Bullitt's letter of resignation from the American Commission on Russia as the classic verdict of American Liberalism upon Wilson. She notes that the cardinal point in the indictment against him was that "he had not the courage to acknowledge his defeat." His error was fundamentally the same as that of the Liberals in general in setting up for their own comfort the myth of the Holy War, in seeing an "opportunity for Liberalism" in the reign of force ("force without stint or limit"), in seeking, in Mr. Wells' phrase, "to borrow a little from the rash vigor of the types that have contrived this disaster." Miss Willis, writing in 1921, speaks of the error as still unacknowledged. It is some satisfaction to quote an admission from the Liberal journalist who, on the whole, fares hardest at her hands, Mr. A. G. Gardiner. In his "Life of Sir William Harcourt," he says of Liberalism:

> The state of war is the negation of all its breed, and the temper of the war mind is intolerant of its appeal to reasonable ideas. When war comes Liberalism is driven from the hustings to the catacombs, only to emerge when the frenzy is over and the ravages of war have to be repaired.

It is their misfortune that in time of war Liberal journalists cannot take refuge along with their creed in the catacombs.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT.

A Medieval Pragmatist

The Opus Majus of Roger Bacon, translated by R. B. Burke. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. Two vols. 840 pages. $10.

IF the scholastics had anything in common, it was an attitude and an interest; not a doctrine or a conclusion. In varying degrees they sought to weld logic and theology, to demonstrate that reason was consistent with authority and revelation, and to show how a universe, circumscribed about the basic points of Christian faith, was one, complete and good. But what the figure was, and how it was to be drawn, were questions which were as unsettled then as they are now, with the added hazard that differences in emphasis not only marked differences in position, but also created that vast chasm which separates divine truth from damnable heresies.

Bacon was not a philosopher or a theologian, nor yet a scientist. He was a practical man with a practical purpose; a man of instruments and inventions; a medieval pragmatist interested in serving theology, but not by dialectically solving its problems. He was a scholastic in outlook and a son of the Church—indeed, a Franciscan Friar—who, though he rebelled against the methods and ignorance of his contemporaries, and spent a number of years in an ecclesiastical jail, was nevertheless in sympathy with their desires. In him is to be found a strange mixture of wisdom and folly, of science and superstition, and of foresight and blindness. He believed in the bewitching eye, trial by fire and water, the philosopher's stone, animal magnetism, the doctrine of signatures, incantations, charms, alchemy and astrology, and was certain that he could square the circle. Yet he was one of the first of the medievals to recognize the important role that mathematics plays in science, was a firm believer in experimentation and in testing hypotheses by experience, saw the defects in the Julian calendar, was an able philologist, cosmographer and student of optics, classified the sciences, urged that research work be endowed, and recognized the service that medicine could render to hygiene and prevention. He prophesied the invention of aeroplanes, high-speed engines, self-propelled ships and incandescent lights. He was a passionate defender of science in the days when few would pay it homage, and yet he was a seer when he should have been a scientist, and an empiricist when he should have been a philosopher. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find him abused on one side as "a swindler and a charlatan like his namesake" and lauded on the other as "a scientist before the age of science."

What is surprising is the fact that, despite the fame he has enjoyed in literature and in the history of science and philosophy, his most important work, the "Opus Majus," has waited until now for a translator. It is here that he speaks of that totality of wisdom which "has been given by one God, to one world, for one purpose." It is here that he pleads with the Pope to sanction experimental research, that all-powerful instrument which will substantiate Catholicism and defeat the Antichrist. It is here that mathematics is exalted and theology made the capstone of all the sciences; and it is also possible to find here an excellent picture of the state of knowledge in the thirteenth century.

The "Opus Majus" is a loosely written, repetitious and long-winded work, filled with quotations from the Pagans, the Fathers and the Scriptures, original in nothing but its

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conception and purpose. The science it contains can also be found in his teachers; the plea is all his own. Had it achieved its end, scholasticism would have been put on a new footing, and would have welcomed science as a servant instead of viewing it as a bearer of doubtful blessings. That the world worships science today does not make Bacon our prophet; we have slighted his arguments and denied his aim. It is only when theology and science have made an indissoluble union that it can be said that Bacon's voice has at last been heard. PAUL WEISS.

Tongues in Cheeks

But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes, by Anita Loos. Illustrated by Ralph Barton. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.

France is Full of Frenchmen, by Lewis Galantière. New York: Payson and Clarke. $2.

The Virgin Queene, by Harford Powel, Jr. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

The Siamese Cat, by Leon Underwood, with an introduction by Phillips Russell. New York: Brentano's. $3.

THIS is America's decade of self-mockery. The books written with the author's tongue in his cheek, the books which make oblique fun of other Americans, the books spoken through the mouth of some genially simple-minded character of intelligence inferior to the author's, by now form a distinct tribe in the race of literature. Two of these four satirical novels are perfect specimens, a third, Mr. Powel's "The Virgin Queene," is something refreshingly new on the old theme of the ad-man, while the fourth, "The Siamese Cat," is rather feeble fantastic playfulness of the variety which abler hands have also failed to make interesting.

"Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" was, technically speaking, a home run. You did not really expect the batter to duplicate the feat on his next trip to the plate, but you hoped that he might. A sequel to that extremely happy and sharp-eyed characterization was bound to come, but it was also to be feared. The sequel couldn't possibly be as good as the first book. Well, here is the sequel, "But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes," and in some ways it is better. The first book belonged to Lorelei, this one is the story of that—to us—more interesting character, Dorothy, told in Lorelei's words. You won't, perhaps, laugh aloud while reading it as often as you did during "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," but you will be more steadily amused, and you will find in it much more stuffing. It is far more malicious, acid, and truthful. The adventures of Lorelei and Dorothy were on the edge of nonsense, while this story of Dorothy's career is a rather sardonic, hard-boiled short story made carefree by the inimitable quality of Lorelei's language.

Miss Loos, by bringing Dorothy to New York, gives herself excellent opportunities for taking a resounding whack at many recognizable New York literary lights, and what she does to the Algonquin crowd is enough to make them scatter and eat in solitude at Child's for the rest of their lives. And when she leaves you guessing as to which of two possible personages is meant, Mr. Ralph Barton's very amusing caricatures supply the answer.

Here again, as in "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," is that wonderful mixture of canned, naïve sentiment and equally naïve, but extremely business-like gold-digging. The sudden turns from one of these aspects of Lorelei to the other, and the ability of both of them to live side by side in her unique little head, are matchless, and nobody but Miss Loos knows the trick. And perhaps she doesn't know it herself, but merely commits it, in a succession of happy, humorous and highly original outbursts. All of which may be taken to mean that "But—Gentlemen Marry Brunettes" is about as good reading matter as you can find anywhere.

Mr. Lewis Galantière's burlesque ought not to be compared to that of Miss Loos, if only because in readableness it is inferior by several miles. Mr. Galantière also speaks indirectly, through the mouth of a small-town Chamber of Commerce American who sails to Paris with several equally soft-headed associates to straighten out the debt business and explain the American point of view. Rather easy game, it seems to us, and the self-portrait is the less interesting for being so helplessly and long-windedly foolish. More fun, we suspect, could have been squeezed out of a more intelligent and less obvious Rotarian. The tiresome business of condemning Babbitt by putting silly words forcibly into his mouth has about run its course, and we shall have to begin dealing with a higher and more individualized sample or leave him alone altogether. We are also rather tired of the endless spoofing of Americans murdering a foreign language.

There are many bits in "France is Full of Frenchmen" which are extremely good and rise high above the rest of it. Casual and rather brief portraits: the two Americans visiting the little countess for a French lesson, and the meeting with Poincaré, which is a much abler and more amusing caricature of French officialism than Mr. Galantière achieves when he goes after his fellow countrymen.

Mr. Powel's satirical adventure story is quite the most readable and well written thing of its kind we have read in a long while. He starts off on the dangerously familiar ground of the high-powered writer of national advertising, but these early pages are done so sharply and lightly that we feel we are being introduced to entirely new figures on the advertising stage. We would like to call the attention of Mr. Sinclair Lewis, whose next novel is to be an annihilation of an ad-man, or ad-men, to Mr. Powel's gift for making satire and real people at the same time.

Mr. Powel's hero buys an Elizabethan mansion, not twenty miles from Stratford-on-Avon, goes into a sort of trance, and emerges with a perfectly good, in fact immortal Shakespearean play, "The Virgin Queene," which is copied into a forgery of Shakespeare's handwriting, antiqued, buried in a vault and exhumed by an Oxford Don, who proclaims to the world the discovery of a long-lost masterpiece. The amusing and ironical outcome of this hoax is excellently managed, and on the way we meet two or three characters, including a Lord Chancellor of England, who are presented with humorous and skillful reality. Here is good entertainment plus that eye for revealing human character in brief, sure touches which is as rare in light comedy as it is in heavier fictional matter.

"The Siamese Cat" is the kind of self-indulgent fantastic nonsense which obviously tickled the author's private fancy, but will seem rather futile and, at its best, incomprehensibly charming to anyone else. The author's own pleasant woodcuts prevent the book from being a total loss.

R. L.

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Crabbed Age and Youth

The Nervous Child and His Parents, by Frank Howard Richardson, M. D. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 394 pages. $2.50.

Living with Our Children, by Lillian M. Gilbreth. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 309 pages. $2.50.

An Adventure with Children, by Mary H. Lewis. New York: The Macmillan Company. 250 pages. $1.50.

Growing into Life: the Magna Charta of Youth, by David Seabury. New York: Boni and Liveright. 665 pages. $5.

TODAY more than at any previous period in history thoughtful people are considering childhood and youth as a field for study. Until the last decade or two, in spite of Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Bronson Alcott and even Montessori, parents have felt reasonably certain that you had only to give the children bestowed by a merciful or malignant Providence the material environment to which you had been accustomed, an education suited to the station in life to which it had pleased the same Providence to call them, and moral instruction based on the Ten Commandments gilded over with the Golden Rule, to warrant the expectation that their future development should do *you* credit. Gratitude for the (generally accidental) "gift" of life was assumed as the basis for filial affection.

A more analytic generation—certainly more materialistic, possibly more pessimistic—has pronounced life a doubtful boon, and its gratuitous bestowal the weightiest responsibility of adulthood. The timorous and sentimental are apologetic towards their children—systematically ingratiating, lest they be confounded by the question: "What did you have us for?" Stouter-hearted parents accept the necessity of making good their "gift" along lines developed from serious searchings of heart as to values and aims. Along with individual effort has gone institutional work and the scientific investigation of childhood behavior and psychology. The schools have gone in for systematic physical education and tests, charts and graphs to a formidable extent. All over the country experimental schools are springing up, and parents are being asked to coöperate in obtaining knowledge of the facts about their children and in improving educational methods.

The group of books here reviewed presents four aspects of the study of childhood and youth from the viewpoints of the doctor, the professional parent, the schoolteacher and the consulting psychologist, respectively. The M. D. ("The Nervous Child and His Parents") feels that a good deal of nonsense has been talked about the problem of the nervous child, and brings a sturdy common sense to bear upon the apprehensions of the nervous parent. Such problems as "tantrums," "refusal to eat" and "sleep disturbances" are considered with penetrating reference to cause and simple suggestions for treatment. Most of the doctor's recommendations involve thoughtful personal application. In subsequent chapters he reveals drastic objections to the delegation of physical care or moral training to casual employees, however highly recommended. Responsibility for the child's physical and moral welfare *is* the parent's business, and "delegating the job to persons of inferior social station, inferior education and inferior knowledge of the demands of child nature and of child culture is not an acceptable way of discharging that duty." He attributes all minor nervous disturbances to faulty environment, which can be remedied by intelligent parental care. "True psychoses" are, of course, a different matter, and call for treatment by reputable specialists.

A lively sense of the vocational aspect of parenthood is manifested by Mrs. Lillian M. Gilbreth ("Living with Our Children") in her astonishing record of a program carried out in her own family of eleven children! Parenthood was undertaken by her husband and herself as a career *per se*—although each carried on an independent calling simultaneously, the inevitable limitation of the mother's outside activity during the children's infancy being fully considered and planned for. The publisher's notice sums up the family program:

> The plan proposed that each child born into the family was to be a contributing factor to that family, that in so far as possible the home was to prepare him in every practical way for mature life. Responsibilities were apportioned as soon as they could be successfully carried through, and they naturally increased in number and difficulty as the child grew older and more capable. The various projects to be undertaken by individuals or groups, and which formed part of the general plan, were chosen in the light of their subsequent usefulness.

This method of coördinating the activities of a group was derived from Mrs. Gilbreth's professional experience as an industrial psychologist, and applied in closely similar fashion, and with such apparent success that the reader at first marvels that it has not been tried before, then feels it must be universally adopted as soon as the book is widely known, and finally—as is the way of readers of schemes for social perfection—concludes that there must be a catch in it somewhere. The catch is difficult to locate—it may be the children themselves! *being* human children instead of ants or bees, which would seem the ideal of such utilitarian perfectionism. But as the record of an amazing achievement the book is impressive. The lazy skepticism of a confirmed *laissez-faire* policy in family conduct cannot withhold admiration from such steadfast practical idealism—the courage, foresight and perseverance involved and taken for granted in the extraordinary feat. And surely those who consistently look upon marriage and parenthood as a great adventure undertaken and carried on successfully only by united effort in the common interest have their reward—a dynamic and harmonious purpose in life, and in adventurous comradeship.

Teachers, as well as parents, can find dynamic interest in pioneering, as Mary H. Lewis' "An Adventure with Children" testifies. This is the brief history of an experimental school, which sprang from a teacher's sudden vision of the stultifying effect of *completeness* in school surroundings and in a program so intricate and comprehensive as to leave no room for invention, initiative or individual imagination. She was able to convey a realization of her discovery to a group of parents who provided her with the opportunity to start the "cottage school," which was subsequently developed at least as much (according to Miss Lewis) by the pupils' efforts as by her own. The sharing of responsibility created an enthusiasm and energy in the expansion of the school's activities as enthralling as the *esprit de corps* of Mrs. Gilbreth's smaller unit.

These are, to be sure, the records of enthusiasts—each with substantial evidence of his success. However far the ordinary parent or teacher may feel himself from such thrilling possibilities, the mere explicit account of success

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in isolated cases will encourage him, and for more general guidance he will find solid comfort—although somewhat diffusely presented—in David Seabury's new publication, "Growing into Life: the Magna Charta of Youth."

As regards substance—though there is far too much of it—this is a very good book; as regards presentation, it is a very bad one. It suffers from the evangelical quality of its message—but the message is *there,* though the homiletics are unfortunate. Some statements, in appearance hilariously silly, are afterwards perceived to be sloppily expressed rather than fundamentally fallacious. The immoderate repetitiousness, the ridiculous diagrams and lists of virtues and vices, the slovenly style and bad grammar do really fade into insignificance before the author's manifest insight into human nature and needs, his penetration into motives and aims, his remarkable combination of detachment with sympathy in the observation of numberless cases, and of faith with common sense in his principles of treatment. His intuitive judgments are often uncannily accurate. His confident proclamation of a power within ourselves that makes for righteousness and peace, and the boldness and simplicity of his method for developing such power carry conviction, at least, of complete sincerity and profound emotional understanding. His method is simply the elimination of conflict by sublimation—the direction of energy into constructive expression and the formation of desirable habits on principles already recognized. To many this will simply not be news. But to many more, we confidently believe, it will be genuinely enlightening. Wisdom is doubtless more valuable than learning in dealing with the problems of immaturity or maladjustment, and this book bears ample witness to its author's intuitive understanding and emotional sense. "Growing into Life" should perform the same service for the newly developing science of child and adolescent psychology that "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" did for general psychology, in stimulating general interest in a subject which the strictest scientific brahmins may admit to be suitable for popular discussion—and which the average well intentioned parent or teacher will recognize as that one most appropriate to his own needs. DOROTHY BACON WOOLSEY.

Recent Fiction

An Artist in the Family, by Sarah Gertrude Millin. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

WE have heard much, too much, of the genius who is thwarted and misunderstood by his family. Sarah Gertrude Millin, whose novels of South Africa have won for themselves a solid esteem, has quietly reversed the picture and shown us how cruelly the selfishness and unpracticality of one artist affected his industrious, devoted relatives. One is never told whether Theo is really a genius or a mere dauber, and it is the measure of Mrs. Millin's ability that one does not care. In either case, he would seem equally weak and contemptible. Theo is one who makes the futile, romantic gesture and then allows others, notably his family, to bear the consequences, excusing himself on the score of temperament. From the moment that he returns to South Africa, with a woman whom he had recklessly married because she was about to have an illegitimate child, he is a fever sore of irritation in the home. Mrs. Millin has made her point unobtrusively and well, but an indefinable pettiness, a lack of emotional depth and power, prevent her novel from attaining the first rank. E. H. W.

Shipwreck in Europe; A Freudian Adventure, by Joseph Bard. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

IN spite of its cheap title, Mr. Bard's first novel should make a place for itself. For instance, it makes fun of applied psychology. The central character is a rich, introspective realtor from New York. With his heart full of *Welt Schmerz,* this man flees from his wife, children and religion to Vienna, where he swallows a prodigious dose of Freud. Here he has two serious love affairs and several that are merely carnal. He ends by being wounded by the brother of the banker's daughter who is shortly to become the mother of his child; at the same time, the psychoanalyst who has taught him to face life has stolen the affections of the only other woman he has loved. Finding that his golden fleece has turned to cotton wool, this Jason learns at last that he is not made for Europe. The record of the discovery is given with crispness, sympathy and humor. Although Paris, Berlin and London are also visited, the story opens and closes in Vienna, and it is the Viennese scenes that are the best. Here is a civilization nourished on the old-world comforts of coffee and conversation, freshened with Mozart and Goethe and as yet uncaptured by Schoenberg and Wedekind. Although it is the home of some of the foremost psychologists, it is not a psychologist's world. Not even the greatest psychologist can open such a world to a New York realtor. We believe that the psychologists have deserved this slap.

C. A. C.

That Bright Heat, by George O'Neil. New York: Boni and Liveright. $2.50.

ALTHOUGH George O'Neil is concerned, in his first novel, with the stiff, gracious and still half-French society of St. Louis in the eighties, his characters and their problems overshadow the atmospheric charm which is usually the chief recommendation of a "period" novel. In Clarion Lawless he has drawn a rather sensitive portrait of the eternal romanticist, unable to adjust himself to a common-sense world, who wants to live in passionate awareness, to burn with Pater's "hard, gem-like flame." Denied any creative gift and forced to lead a conventional social existence, Clarion finds a temporary outlet in his love for a girl who has the courage and imagination to defy the formalities of St. Louis. When he loses her, through his own fumbling ineptitude, life crumbles to dust in his hands. The book lacks solid motivation, is at times humorless and thin, but it has touches of sensuous beauty which remind one that Mr. O'Neil is also a poet. E. H. W.

Contributors

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